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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

RUFUS A. JOHNSON, EDITOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1840. NO. 1020.---VOL. XIX.—NO. 16.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

For the Register and Observer.

'To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night, the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'—*Hamlet.*

March 18th, 1840. Suppose the conventional veil, which the artificial progress of society has woven about the heart of man to be for one moment drawn aside, what a revelation would burst upon the sight! How much warm affection, Christian toleration and real humility would take the place of hollow profession, narrow bigotry, and conceited self-depreciation. Thousands there are who dream that they possess the highest reverence for truth, who yet *seldom*, if ever, give true expression to their characters—so common indeed, are the various modifications of falsehood and exaggeration, that we judge all men by one rule, and make a certain allowance for the promptings of vanity and love of admiration, ere we pass judgment upon their words. 'Thus,' say the world, 'the thoughts of the really honest and simple hearted, come to us divested of half their power, and they are tempted, so to speak, to the use of highflown language, as in a country, the value of whose currency has depreciated—men are forced to pay ten nominal dollars for the *five* they really owe. The value of language *has* depreciated, and where little is meant, much must be expressed, if one would have even that *little* credited'—but, let depreciation be as great as it may, unadulterated metal never loses its value, and the *voice of truth* has an inconceivable power, as its gentle unassuming tones fall upon the ear besieged by blustering falsehood. The remark that such a man's *word* is as good as another's *oath*, is a common, would that it were a still more common illustration of this important truth; let it be remembered, and let common *prudence*, if no higher motive, curb the tongue just ready to exceed its commission from the soul. How frequently do we accede to the wishes, and yield to the arguments of others, when our convictions are in direct opposition to theirs from the base fear of giving offence. How often do we waste all our eloquence in behalf of an inferior production of nature or art, and find ourselves to our great dismay, reduced to the necessity of giving no higher praise to the most exalted efforts of either. The latter is the more frequent form of falsehood, language as well as thought has its limits, and we must carefully proportion its use to the effect it is intended to produce if we would not find ourselves beyond them. The former owes its existence to the foolish fear of differing from those, whose intellect or whose station in society we may deem superior to our own, a disinclination to say what we think and consequently be recognized for what we are—a desire to stand higher in the estimation of others, than we really deserve to stand;—the latter to the habit of exaggerated approbation, bestowed perhaps as often to exact a similar tribute from the gratified vanity of its object as from that false benevolence, which would sacrifice truth itself to the fear of giving pain. How often do we encourage by acquiescent silence, the false assertions, or malicious misrepresentations of others—how often do we listen to the tale the careful gossip brings, and when we have added point to her relation, by our significant glances, uplifted hands, or that acme of self possession which says to the astonished narrator, that we are not at all surprised, that the circumstances of the case are just such as might have been expected—do we wash *our* hands of the disgraceful matter, and congratulating ourselves upon our excessive prudence, in not having *said* a syllable, wonder 'how people can repeat such horrible things.' Unfortunately for our sex, *scandal* is of the feminine gender, while women of empty heads and still emptier hearts, find in this their chief source of interest; *men*, are occupied with the solution of the more important problems of *busy* life, and if they deign to listen to it at all, it is only to wonder that *anybody* should do so patiently. Strange, most strange! that we should deem ourselves innocent so long as our tongues are silent, as if silence were never more eloquent than words! How often is indignant refutation of the falsehood uttered in our presence the only means of checking their wide diffusion, how often is the refutation we are fully competent to give withheld, and the story repeated a second and a third time and repeated with new developements, because forsooth! 'we were there,' and as the world says would certainly have contradicted it if we could. Again:—Do we never welcome with unusual warmth, the tedious intruder upon our private duties, do we never give the right hand of friendly fellowship to those, whom, as we willingly admit to the confidant at our elbow we utterly despise, do we never proffer invitations which we hope will never be accepted, return ardent thanks for favors, which we wish had never been conferred, smile upon the follies of companions in their presence, only to ridicule them in the circles they have forsaken, put off our dependants with promises of most doubtful performance—and all this, without acknowledging that we have violated the truth, and if we are privately admonished of the fact, consoling ourselves with the reflection that we have only paid our creditors in their own coin, as if we should be justified in passing what we know to be counterfeit money, because we have, however unwillingly, received it from others? If one half the people who are lamenting the degeneracy of the world, and sighing for the millennium they believe so necessary, would do only what lies within their own power towards its regeneration, the work would be in a fair way to completion. Suppose half a dozen individuals, perfectly true to themselves and others, not only acting upon the principles they profess, but using all their influence, to induce others to act upon them likewise, and we suppose the existence of a moral power capable of an almost miraculous developement. Mankind have in all ages been the slaves of custom, of convention, and who can wonder that Pilate should ask, whether in bitter scorn or earnest sadness—'what is truth?' Let us ask the question oftener, and let us unlike him, '*wait for an answer*'—from the highest and most spiritual avocations, let us turn to the lowest and least enduring with a single purpose, and the determination to do justice to ourselves. Justice to ourselves, I say, for it is seldom that the spirit of falsehood befriends our follies and weaknesses—it is that which is noble, just and pure, exalted sentiment, and devoted affection, magnanimous disinterestedness and virtuous contempt that we shield from the ridicule and coldness of the unsympathizing world, beneath its ample cloak. It is not that there is so much bitterness and depravity in the human heart, that it would do homage to virtue by borrowing her mantle and wearing her favors, but that it has a noble, yet diffident inclination, and would rather wear the drapery of its less worthy imitator, than subject its own, to the suspicious examination and polluting touch of man. Ridicule is the Hydra whose hundred self-reproducing, and self-multiplying heads, theaten to devour the virtue of the timid and unpracticed. Oh! that all that is good on earth, could creep out from the by-paths of man's heart, how soon would wickedness shrink and cower, and all but *vanish* before the magic sway of the lovely apparition! C. W. H.

HISTORICAL CHRISTIANITY.

The following are some of the concluding paragraphs of Rev. Mr Young's Discourse on 'The Church, the Pulpit, and the Gospel.'

For one, I must humbly acknowledge that I do not feel the want of a speculative philosophy to put underneath and shore up my religion. I am not ashamed to avow that my faith is 'built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid. Our faith does not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.' I cling to revelation, I hold to the record. Without the record of a supernatural faith which I find in the pages of the New Testament, I confess I should feel like the sailor, set adrift on mid ocean, without rudder, compass, or chart—without his quadrant and his Practical Navigator. I turn to the inspired word of Christ, as the needle seeks the polestar. That is spirit, and that is life. I do not regard it as a disputable speculation, but I reverence and embrace it as authoritative truth. The doctrine of a future immortal life and retribution,—which is the great truth of the Gospel,—is the *assertion* of a *fact*. I receive it on the testimony of Jesus, and I believe it because it was asserted by one whose miracles proved that he was sent by God, and declared this fact in his name. 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. In thee are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.' * * * *

The Christian minister, then, is to preach the declarations and statements, the doctrines and principles of the Gospel. In his view, religion is identified with Christianity; and he values Christianity because it gives him assurance of certain truths which he regards as of infinite importance. These truths constitute his religion. And these truths can be both learnt and taught; as Paul 'delivered' to the Corinthians 'that which he also received.' He is then to learn them before he teaches them. And *how* is he to learn what they are? Is he to go and inquire of his own consciousness, of some inward light? Certainly not. All our knowledge of Christ and Christianity is derived, primarily, not from consciousness or intuition, but from outward revelation. It is not innate, spontaneous and original with us, but extrinsic, derived, superinduced. If we wish to know for the first time what Christianity teaches, or what to think of Christ, we must have recourse not to our own minds, but to the records which tell us distinctly who Christ was, what he did, what he taught, and how he lived. The written word, the evangelical narrative, is an indispensable prerequisite to our having any knowledge at all of the Gospel or of Christ. Historical Christianity is the primary, fundamental form of the religion. Whatever divisions or distinctions you may please to make, this takes precedence of all. Unless we first have this, we can have none beside. All other exhibitions and manifestations of Christianity must be traced back to this, as their origin and source. Philosophical Christianity, as it is called, what existence would it have without the record of the *facts* on which all its speculations and theories are based? And in order to reproduce Christianity in the heart, it must have had a prior existence somewhere else. The very term that is used implies as much. Without the Christ of History there would be no type by which the Christ of Consciousness could be remodelled and reproduced.

If an intelligent heathen should come to you and ask to be informed about the nature of Christianity, its distinctive principles and truths, to what would you refer him? Would you send him back to his own intuitions and instincts? No; for he has appealed to them already, and could get no light, or satisfaction, or comfort, on the points where his mind labored. Would you send him to the schools of ancient or modern philosophy? No; for the former have not a word to say about Christ; and the latter have nothing valuable that they have not stolen or borrowed from the Gospel. You would send him at once to the fountain-head, to the Memoirs of the Evangelists, to the pages of the New Testament—in other words, you would refer him to Historical Christianity. * * * *

Christianity is a historical religion, built upon facts and assertions, not upon speculations and conjectures. And this we think constitutes one of its great merits, one of its highest and best peculiarities, and one of its strongest claims to our attention. We trace back our religion, by an unbroken chain of historical testimonies, through two thousand years, to the very hour and spot where Christ taught as one having authority, and spake as never man spake before or since. We esteem it a singular advantage, that we have an authentic account of 'all that Jesus began both to do and teach, until the day in which he was taken up, even as they delivered them unto us which from the beginning were eye-witnesses, and ministers of the word, having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first, so that we may know the *certainty* of those things wherein we have been instructed.' We are not now compelled to rely on vague conjecture or uncertain speculation. We are not obliged to imagine and guess what our Savior might perhaps have done in a critical emergency, or what he might have said in answer to some pregnant question, like that of the Jewish lawyer, 'Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?' We are not driven to fashion for ourselves, or to speculate as to what would have been, the very best possible Gospel.

Christ manifested his profound wisdom in not selecting for the first heralds of his truth subtile and erudite men, full of their own speculations and theories. He took those whose minds were not preoccupied with philosophy or science, falsely so called; men who were docile and humble, and were willing to receive and teach what he *told* them—a simple and plain doctrine. Such men could not corrupt the doctrine even if they would. If Christ had needed philosophers to preach the Gospel, he could have found enough of them in that disputatious age. But he chose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise.

It is worthy of remark, that the Apostles of our Lord, Peter, Paul, and the rest of that 'glorious company,' preached Historical Christianity, and not their own private notions and philosophies. We do not find that even the acute and erudite Paul, though brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and versed in all the learning and philosophy of his times, ever preached them as a substitute or varnish for that Gospel which he had received by immediate revelation from his master. He considered that revelation as sufficient, authoritative, ultimate, superceding all theory and foreclosing all speculation. He says expressly in the text that he did not preach 'with wisdom of words,' that is, in the artful and ornate language of the sophists of his time, who darkened counsel by words without knowledge; and in this and the following chapters of the Epistle he reminds his Corinthian converts again and again that he had not preached to them a subtile human philosophy. * * * *

Once give up Historical Christianity, under the pretence that a new revelation is needed; once admit that the New Testament does not contain all the principles of spiritual truth, and that an appeal to its pages concerning any alleged article of religion is not determinate and conclusive, and you open the door to all sorts of loose and crude speculations. The Gospel will then be whatever any one's imagination or philosophy may please to make it. It may be composed of such stuff as dreams are made of, airy and unsubstantial nothings—or of unmeaning propositions and incoherent rhapsodies—or of impious and blasphemous extravagancies,—all baptized with the abused name of Christianity. Once depart from the record, and you are driven from your moorings, and tost upon a dark and troubled sea.

Let the Church then stand, 'the pillar and ground of the truth!' Let the Pulpit stand, the great instrument, under God, for the regeneration of the world. Let Historical Christianity continue to be preached, in its various aspects, its manifold relations and bearings, and its infinite applications to the duties, temptations and trials of life. Let it be thoroughly pondered, and faithfully administered, and it will be found not a dead letter, but a living and life-giving spirit. It will be found not a stagnant pool, but a springhead, welling forth sparkling and refreshing waters. Its facts and statements, its truths and doctrines, its precepts and motives, its promises and appeals, its consolations and hopes, will all be found suited to our nature, congenial to our souls, adapted to us as frail, tempted, sinful, suffering beings. They will be found to impart all needed support in affliction, encouragement in duty, and moral power in the struggles and conflicts of our lot; and the religion of the book will be embraced as the religion of the heart and the life.

Above all let Christ be preached; not the Christ of theory, of imagination, or of philosophy—but the Christ of the New Testament, the Mediator, the Redeemer, the Savior, the Son of God, the Advocate with the Father, the Light of the World. Let not the Christian minister be afraid that he shall dwell on the person or the offices of Jesus with a noxious exaggeration. Let him not be afraid of being charged with uttering cant and fulsome panegyric when he dwells upon this glorious and still unexhausted theme. Let him not shrink from setting forth his mediatorial and intercessory offices, a ministry of reconciliation and love which it never entered into the heart of philosophy to conceive. Let him not be ashamed of subordinating his nature to Christ's nature and taking secondary knowledge of him. Let him not fail to set him forth as an object of imitation, an example to be followed. Let the Christ of History be preached with faith, and force, and fervor, and he will be formed within, be reproduced in the soul, and become the Christ of Consciousness and the Christ of Faith. And what God by his spirit shall thus join together, let no man put asunder.

WALKING IN THE SPIRIT.

O! it will be a glorious change, even in this life, when all the appetites and passions of the lower man, by a holy violence and course of vigorous and voluntary severities, are so tamed and entirely subdued that they shall wait the motions of the mind; when it governs them with absolute power, says to one go, and it goes; to another come, and it comes; and can say to the proudest passion, 'hitherto shalt thou come, and no further? Then shall be effected the most wonderful change in nature; those two combatants shall lay down their animosities, and kiss, and embrace each other; these enemies, from the most inveterate enmity and implacable malice, shall become the most intimate, dearest friends; they will live together here, in a more conjugal affection; till they depart hence in peace, and their next joyful meeting shall be the resurrection of the just; never to part again, and yet never to be weary of one another; never to fall out or disagree: there will not be the least jar or suspicion of one another left; but they shall live in everlasting joy, and peace, and love. This flesh, in which now there dwelleth no good thing, shall then have nothing in it that is bad; that which is now so full of stubbornness and contradiction, shall then close with the pure mind in all its motions; and what is now its load, and its prison, shall then be its ornament, and it shall delight in the union; for there shall be no perfection in the soul, but shall have a correspondent beauty in the body; and it shall be more perfect and glorious than when it first came out of the hands of God. Call up therefore all the powers of your minds, and set to the work. The weakest person hath this image of God, this spark of Heaven within him; and it is not worldly wisdom, but the Divine grace that must be your assistance: make it therefore your business to trim this lamp, and supply it with oil, that it may burn clear at the appearing of the Lamp.—*Bp. Browne.*

From the Christian Observer.

SELECTS EXTRACTS,
From Ralph Venning—1658.

No man is safe among his friends without God; but with God a man is safe though without his friends, and among his enemies.

He that made man without himself, will not save man without himself.

Endeavors without God can not, and God without endeavors, will not save any man.

God is lovely in all his creatures; more lovely in his ordinances; but most of all lovely in Christ, who is altogether lovely.

We should use that for God's glory, which God gives us to use for our good.

That which hath much of our affection when we have it, costs us much affliction when we are without it.

Worldly troubles cannot overcome a heavenly peace.

Though a saint is sad that he is no better; yet he is glad that he is no worse.

He that deserves nothing, should be content with any thing.

As what saints have pleaseth not God, if offered without themselves; so what they have from God doth not please them, without himself.

Sorrow for sin is to last as long as there is any sin to sorrow for.

They can never want much who desire but a little; nor can they ever have enough, whose desires are unbounded.

There is a time when nothing, a time when something, but no time when all things are to be spoken.

In thanksgiving, heart-strings and tongue-strings should be tuned in unison.

The best men are but men at best.

God's promises to the duties and graces of his people are always fulfilled, when those duties are obeyed, and those graces manifested.

When God's people sin, they must not expect that he will approve. The light of his countenance is upon his people in their afflictions but never in their sins.

Natural defects are not the creature's fault, but the Creator's pleasure; and therefore he that finds fault with them, finds fault with God.

The best way to please all, or displease any with least danger, is to please Him who is all in all.

Virtues confessed by foes, and vices confessed by friends, are commonly true.

'Tis a sad thing for a man to be taken out of the world by death, before he is taken out of the world by grace.

(From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.)

AN IDEA OF THE UNIVERSE.

In the Christian Keepsake for the current season among a very creditable variety of articles furnished for that beautiful annual by British writers, is a splendid essay by the distinguished Dr. Thomas Dick, so well known in this country by his works on various subjects kindred to that indicated by the heading above. The length of this essay makes it impossible to cite much of it in our columns, and as the volume itself will reach comparatively few of our readers, we have concluded to give them the Doctor's leading notions in our own words.

He begins with what the senses of man command around him in the way of a *landscape*, and, comparing this little space with what is immediately around us on all sides, observes that it would be requisite, taking the general average of a pretty extensive landscape, that more than nine hundred thousand landscapes of the extent we generally behold, should pass before our view, ere we could form an adequate conception of the bulk of the whole earth. The surface of the globe he says, contains no less than one hundred and ninety-seven millions of square miles. No human mind can form a conception of this.

The earth, however, is but an inconsiderable ball when compared with other planets of our system.—One of these bodies could contain within its dimensions nine hundred globes as large as the earth; another fourteen hundred; and were five hundred globes as large as that on which we dwell, laid upon a vast plane, the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, which is six hundred and forty-three thousand miles in circumference, would enclose them all. And yet these bodies seem only small bright specks on the concave of our sky.

Again: earth, planet, comets, and all the whole subordinate solar system—how small is it compared with its central luminary! No intellect can reach to the slightest conception of such a body.—The sun is five hundred times larger than the whole, and would contain within its circumference thirteen hundred thousand globes as large as our world. To contemplate all the variety of scenery on the surface of this luminary would require more than fifty thousand years, although a landscape five thousand miles in extent were to pass before our eyes every hour. What a scope were this for the explorations of intellect and imagination throughout eternity.

But this system, with its sun, is but a point in the firmament. Before we could arrive at the nearest object in this firmament, we should have to pass over a space at least twenty *billions* of miles in extent—a space which a cannon-ball, flying with its utmost velocity, would not pass over in less than four millions of years. What hosts of orbs are visible here of a winter's night! How vast they must be! There is every reason to believe that the least twinkling star which our eyes can discern, is not less than our sun in magnitude and glory, and that many of them are even a hundred or a hundred thousand times superior in magnitude to that stupendous luminary. And as the Creator does nothing in vain, as he must be supposed always to act in the plenitude of his perfections, those thousand stars, of heaven, may be considered as connected with at least fifty thousand worlds, compared with the amount of whose population, all the inhabitants of our globe would appear only as 'the small dust of the balance.' Here the imagination might expatiate for ages, in surveying this position of the Creator's kingdom, and be lost in contemplation and wonder at the vast extent, the magnitude, and the immense variety of scenes, objects, and movements, which would meet the view in every direction. For here we have presented to our view not only single suns and single systems, such as that to which we belong, but *suns revolving around suns*, and systems around systems—systems not only double, but triple, quadruple, quintuple and multiple, all in complicated but harmonious motion—*motions* more rapid than the swiftest planets in our system, though some of them move a hundred thousand miles in an hour—periods of revolution which vary from thirty to sixteen hundred years—suns with a *blue* or *green* lustre revolving around suns of a white or a ruddy color, and both of them illuminating *with contrasted colored light* the same assemblages of worlds. And if the various orders of intelligences were unveiled to our view, what a scene of interest, grandeur, variety, diversity of intellect, and of wonder and astonishment, would be opened to our view?

And still we should be on the verge of creation!—The visible is as nothing compared to the invisible.—The milky way is found to consist of a cluster of stars; and the late Sir W. Herschel, in passing his telescope along a space of this zone, fifteen degrees long and two broad, descried at least fifty thousand stars large enough to be distinctly counted; besides which he suspected twice as many more, which could be seen only now-and-then by faint glimpses, for want of sufficient light; that is, fifty times more than the acutest eye can discern in the whole heavens, during the clearest night; and the space which they occupy is only the 1-1375th part of the visible canopy of the sky. On another occasion this astronomer perceived nearly six hundred stars in *one* field of his telesope, so that in a space of a quarter of an hour, one hundred and sixteen thousand stars passed before him. Now were we to suppose every part of this zone equally filled with stars as the spaces above alluded to, there would be found in the milky way alone, no less than twenty millions, one hundred and ninety thousand, that is twenty millions, one hundred and ninety thousand stars, or twenty thousand times the number of those that are visible to the naked eye. In regard to the *distance* of some of these stars, it has been ascertained that some of the more remote are not less than five hundred times the distance of the nearest fixed star, that is, at least nine thousand nine hundred and forty billions of miles; a distance so great, that *light* which flies at the rate of twelve millions of miles every minute, would require one thousand six hundred and forty years before it could traverse this mighty interval!

Such is the explanation of that 'apparently irregular belt which appears only like *an accidental tinge on the face of the firmament*.' Millions of magnificent suns, where not a sparkle can be distinguished by human eyes!

And now the Doctor asks, What shall we say if this vast assemblage of starry systems be found to be no more than a single *nebula* of which several thousand, perhaps even richer in stars, have already been discovered? and that it bears no greater proportion to the whole sideral heavens, than a small dusky speck which our telescopes enable us to descry? Such is the present theory, and it is founded on most elaborate observations by the first astronomers of modern times.

And here a calculation is entertained as to the extent of what may in one sense be called the *visible* universe. There have been more than *three thousand* of these nebulæ already discoved. Supposing the number of stars which compose the milky way to be only ten millions, (half the number formerly stated,) and that each of the nebulæ, at an average, contains the same number; supposing farther, that only two thousand of the three thousand nebulæ, are resolvable into stars, and that the other thousand are masses of a shining fluid not yet condensed by the fiat of the Almighty into luminous globes—the number of stars or *suns* comprehended in that portion of the firmament which is within the reach of our telescope would be twenty thousand millions, which is twenty millions of times the number of all the stars which are visible to the naked eye?

Still our philosopher suggests, even these assemblages of systems may be but as single nebula to the whole visible firmanent, or even a grain of sand to the whole earth, compared with the *invisible* universe beyond!

Speaking of what was called the planetary nebulæ, which are round compact bodies, like planetary disks, when viewed through telescopes, Herschel mentions one in constellation of Andromeda, 'that would more than fill the whole orbit of Uranus,' which is three thousand six hundred millions of miles in diameter. Such a body would, therefore, contain 24,429,081,600,000,000,000,000,000, or more than twenty-four quartillions of solid miles, which is stxy-eight thousand four hundred millions of times larger than the cubical contents of the sun! Hundreds of the *nebulæ* have never been resolved into stars. Some are thought to be luminous matter in the process of condensing. One of these, in the Sword of Orin, is computed to be 2,200,000,000,000,000,000 times larger than our sun. All these bodies may be supposed to be advancing to the formation of new systems for replenishing the voids of space, and displaying the Creator's glory.

The *motions* of this universe are the subject of a concluding hint. Nothing in nature is quiescent. Everything goes in its stated orbit. And the rate of these motions, in every known instance, is not less than several thousands of miles every minute. The fixed stars, though to a common observer they appear nearly in the same positions with regard to each other, are found, in some instances, to have motions far more rapid than those of any of the planetary globes, though their magnitude is immensely superior. The star sixty-one Cygni, whose apparent motion is five seconds annually, and consequently altogether imperceptible to a common observer, yet at the distance at which this star is known to be placed, this motion is equivalent to one hundred and twenty billions of miles every year, or three hundred and twenty thousand millions every day.

Such, modestly remarks the Doctor, are a 'few rude ideas respecting the universe.' All these objects, however, do not constitute the universe. They are detached parts of it, and may be as nothing to the whole. Of this whole, man probably may never be able to form a conception. The highest created intellect may not. To God only does it seem likely to be known.

CRUELTY.

A gentleman was passing by a large house, and he heard shouting and swearing. He wanted to know what was the matter, and went to the place where the noise came from, and there he saw a well dressed boy in the midst of a crowd of ragged children. They were setting some dogs to worry a cat. All that stood round appeared pleased, and laughed aloud, when one of the dogs tore the cat, and made it bleed in a most shocking manner. The gentleman called to the well dressed boy, but he did not seem to hear, but went on with his savage sport, till the poor cat crawled away full of wounds. Then the gentleman inquired of a young woman that stood by, who this boy was, that he might go and tell his friends of his behavior.—'Oh,' said she, 'it is of no use. He is known for his hard heart. His friends never try to break him of it. I have known him from a little one, and he has always been so. Poor boy! he may be rich, but he will never be beloved; and if he does not change his conduct, he will never be fit for any thing but a butcher. When he could but just walk, his great delight was in killing flies and other insects. He kills frogs, hangs cats, and torments every thing within his reach. But, like most cruel people, he is a sad coward, afraid even of his own shadow, as it were.'

The boy has murder in his heart; and it is to be feared, if he grows up, he will come to a bad end. Cruelty to animals is a sign of a hard heart; and the person who can take delight in giving pain to the dumb creatures, will very likely be cruel and revengeful to his fellow-creatures; and if he takes the life of animals for sport now, perhaps he will by-and-by take the life of some person and be hung.

[From the New York Observer.]

GLEANINGS AND REFLECTIONS IN THE GREAT VALLEY.
BY REV. DR HUMPHREY.

Slavery.—'Our Savior's golden rule' is absolutely fatal to the principle of slavery, and must ere long cut it up root and branch, wherever it exists:—for there is not a slaveholder in the world, who would be willing to change places with his servants, and be entirely subject to their caprice and authority, as they are to his. It is the plain Christian duty, therefore, of every man who is so unfortunate as to be the legal holder of *human chattels* to renounce the tenure at once, and to emancipate his slaves just as soon as he could reasonably wish them to emancipate him, were he the slave and they the masters. But I cannot, without doing violence to my sense of justice and charity, denounce the great body of slaveholders as robbers and manstealers; nor as having forfeited all claims to our Christian confidence and fellowship. I believe that in very many cases *slaveholding* is as involuntary as *slave labor;* and that thousands of masters, especially in the States of Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri, would be glad to be freed from the vexations and responsibilities incident to the system, as soon as possible. Whether they are doing all they can to free themselves and their slaves, is another question; and one which it behooves each man to decide for himself, at the bar of an enlightened conscience, and with the second table of the law, THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR AS THYSELF, written in capitals before his eyes.

Whatever may be alleged in defence, or in extenuation of slavery, as it exists in this country, it is an *unnatural* state of society. It disturbs, or rather breaks up the divine harmony of the social system. It undertakes to nullify the only law which can bind the universe together, in holy and happy fellowship. It first puts the machine entirely out of order, and then attempts to make it go better than it did before. It repeals the attraction of gravitation, in half the planetary world, and then undertakes to roll them round in their orbits, by introducing a new principle of motion. But such experiments and interference will never succeed. I saw but little it is true, of slavery, and that little in its mildest form; but from what I did see, and still more from the free conversations I had with slaveholders and others, best acquainted with the working of the system, I am more fully convinced than ever, that it is 'evil,

only evil, and that continually.' I do not believe it possible for human ingenuity to point out *one single advantage*, growing out of it in the long run. It may be attended with some few temporary conveniences, but even these will be found pregnant with evil—or at any rate, will be infinitely outweighed by inseparable drawbacks and dangers. As you cannot put your finger upon any part of the torpedo without receiving a shock, or thrust your hand into the embers anywhere, without being burnt, so I am satisfied you cannot have anything to do with slavery, without suffering from it. The physical, social, and moral evils of the system are innumerable; and however they may in some cases be mitigated, they never can be separated from it. No slaveholding community ever did, or ever can prosper, in the best and most comprehensive sense of the term *prosperity*, like a free State. I am sure it cannot be sheer prejudice and imagination; but that nineteen persons out of twenty, who had never heard of domestic slavery in the great valley, would say, in sailing down the Ohio, that judging from the general appearance of things, the people on the right bank are far more enterprising and prosperous than on the left.

Not having ever been in a slave State before, I cannot describe my feelings, when as our boat stopped to take in wood, I first set foot upon the soil of Virginia. 'Where am I? The skies are bright—the air is soft and balmy—the forests, clothed in the richest verdure, wave upon the hills in all their primitive majesty—the birds are as free as the air, and fuller than they can hold, of song; and the lambs skip from rock to rock, and from hillock to hillock, just as they do in the green pastures of New England. And is it possible, that 'bond men and bond women' can dwell here—that any where in this noble State, the task-master can be found brandishing his scourge over bleeding shoulders? What a fearful account will those have to render up at the bar of God, who, regardless of the remonstrances of Virginia in her colonial state, brought in the deadly curse, and entailed it upon them; and what strong claims have her sons, who long to see this foul blot washed out of her escutcheon, to the prayers and sympathies of all good men.' Such were the musings of the first half hour. And all the way down the Ohio, for nearly a thousand miles, I could not help looking, now to the right and now to the left, and asking myself a hundred times over, 'How can this silver thread make such a mighty difference?' There, on the right, is the land of the free. I see it in the better cultivation of their farms, in the neatness of their towns and villages, in their very log cabins, and in all the external manifestations of industry, comfort and prosperity. There, the poorest citizen, whatever may be the color of his skin, is the acknowledged proprietor of his own muscles and sinews. There the question is never asked, 'What will that father, that mother, or that athletic boy *fetch* in a southern market?' No, *no*—and unless heaven in its wrath shall order it as a punishment, it will never be.

So far as I had opportunity to observe, or could learn, I do not think the slaves, generally, are overworked, either in western Virginia, Kentucky, or Missouri. Indeed, I believe it is admitted on all hands, that they do not accomplish half the work that is done with ease by the laboring classes in the free States. I saw more of them in Louisville than anywhere else, because I stopped longer; and I must say, that I never saw a more healthy looking class of people anywhere, than the house servants of that town. They have wholesome food enough to eat—are very well clad—have plenty of leisure time, and when they have money in their pockets, as is not very unfrequently the case, they take pleasure in showing that they are as good as any body else. It is not at all uncommon, I was told, to see them riding, almost in dandy style, through the streets of Louisville. I myself saw a hack load of them, one Sabbath afternoon, with a white driver, and apparently enjoying the airing, quite as much as their masters. This, however, did not reconcile me to slavery at all. These are mere trifling alleviations. The system is inherently, radically and incurably bad. It is felt to be so by multitudes of masters themselves, who literally groan under it, and long to be delivered.

And this leads me to say, that slavery must and will be given up, within a few years, in all these border States, unless the natural progress of which should be greatly obstructed by untoward influences. I am more convinced of it than ever, and will briefly give my reasons.

In the first place, slavery in these States, is felt to be a great *political* evil. All the men of discernment and influence know perfectly well, that in consequence of it, the balance of population and consequently of power, is rapidly passing over into the free States. Every census shows it, in tables which cannot be mistaken. It is admitted by every body, that the emigrations to Missouri, for example, are not near so great as they would be, if there were no slaves there. Thousands and thousands, who would be glad to pass over the Mississippi and settle upon her fertile lands, now stop short in Illinois and Michigan, or go to Wisconsin and Iowa. In the meantime, there is a constant drain upon Virginia and Kentucky, by the emigration of some of their most pious and useful citizens, who feel that they cannot bear the burdens and responsibilities of slavery any longer. Now the causes which are weakening the political strength of the slaveholding States cannot be arrested; but are likely to operate more and more powerfully, till the system is given up; and this tendency must hasten the day of emancipation.

In the second place; good people will become more and more uneasy, under the curse which has been entailed upon them. Great external pressure which they think unkind and unchristian, may, for a time, put them on the defensive, and induce them to look round for arguments to justify their present 'domestic institutions,' but the golden rule will ultimately gain the ascendancy, and they will not rest where they are.

In the third place, the slaves enjoy so many facilities for passing over into the free States, and it is found so difficult and troublesome to reclaim them, that their masters on the borders, will find less and less encouragement in trying to keep them; and being thus constrained by necessity to depend on free labor, will gradually find out that it is altogether cheapest and best. Judging from what we could see upon the farms and at the landings, there are now but very few slaves along the Ohio river. It was a long time after we touched the border of Virginia, before I could see a single colored person in the fields or about the houses; and the same was the case on the Mississippi. There is no profit in buying or raising slaves to have them run away and be secreted whenever they apply for shelter.

In the next place, the States in question, (and the same is true of several others,) cannot afford to hold on to the system. It *costs* them too much. It wears out their land. It consumes their substance. It compels them to 'rise early and sit up late,' to bring the two ends of the year together upon their plantations. It *must* be given up. The change must be made as a great measure of political economy. None but the cotton and sugar growing states can *afford* to keep slaves. The raising of wheat, and corn, and hemp, and beef, and pork, will not pay the expense. A very intelligent planter of Kentucky, who has no question about the right of slaveholding, assured me that it requires a good plantation and excellent management, to make anything, as the slaves do so little, and steal and waste so much, and it costs so much to feed and clothe them. 'I have,' said he, 'a hundred hogs, and if I get seventy-five of them when they are fit for market, I shall think myself quite fortunate; and this is a specimen of the depredations to which we are liable in regard to every thing else.' This the planters call stealing. The slaves probably look upon it as merely taking pay for their unrequited labor. But call it what you will, it absorbs nearly all the profits of beneficent seasons and good cultivation. I am confident that with such a plantation of near a thousand acres of first rate land, as the gentleman above alluded to owns, an eastern farmer by hiring free labor would make himself independent in a few years. Slaves will not do any more than they can help. (Should we if we were in the same condition?) I saw three or four of them in a hundred acre field of corn, not working together as we do, but so far apart that they could hold no communication with each other. I watched their movements for sometime; and really I never saw so little interest and activity in my life, except perhaps in some lazy boy, who now and then threatens the weeds with a stroke of his hoe, and then stops to look up and wonder whether the sun will ever go down. Observing that all the hoes used by the slaves are enormously thick and heavy, I said to the owner of a plantation, 'Why do you not send and get the light steel plates which we use at the East?' 'They will break them if we do,' was his answer. 'Break them—how, when there is not a stone nor a stump, that I can see, on your plantation?' 'True; but they have ways enough to destroy our tools, if they are not made in the most substantial manner.' I believe the conviction is gaining ground every day in Kentucky, that free labor is the *cheapest;* and this conviction must root out slavery from her sod. The process is going on, and nothing can arrest it. Indeed, judging from one fact, it has already gone farther than I had supposed. In going from Louisville to Lexington and returning, I saw quite as many white as colored laborers in the field, busily engaged in the various agricultural employments of the season.

In Missouri, slavery is still less likely to hold its ground very long. All the northern half of the State is too cold for it to flourish. Out of a population of 140,455, according to the last census, there were but 25,091 slaves, and I am persuaded that the disparity will be found even greater, at the next. When I was in St. Louis, the population of the city was estimated at 16,000, of which not more than 1,500 were slaves. One of the most intelligent gentlemen whom I met with in that rising emporium of the West, told me that good free domestic labor is so easily obtained there, and so much better than slave labor, that many masters are becoming sick of the latter, and anxious to be rid of the incumbrance. I repeat, that Missouri cannot hold on to the dreadful system long, and whoever may think me too sanguine in this persuasion, 'herein I do rejoice, yea, and I will rejoice.'

For the Register and Observer.

TRAVELLING SKETCHES. NO. IV.

From a Lady in England to her young friends in Boston.

For fertility of the land, and beauty of scenery, there is no place equal to Devonshire; it has been styled the garden of England, and even now, in this most dreary month of December, the prospect before me is enchanting. From the window of my parlor in which I am writing, I see, at the distance of five miles, Pen-Hill, on which rises the castellated building, erected in honor, and to the memory of General Lawrence, whose statue ornaments the entrance: a few miles from this, stands the Belvidere, a building erected on the grounds of the Earl of Devon; it is of a triangular shape, with an hexagonal tower at each corner; the view from this place is described by Mr Polwhile as being 'a complete garden; its parts discriminated with the most brilliant distinctness, yet flowing into one beautiful whole.' Powderham Castle, the principal seat of the Courtenay family, and present residence of the Earl of Devon, is not visible at a great distance, not being on ground so high as the Belvidere, nor can the seat of Sir Lawrence Palk be seen, although we know it is near the tower on Pen-Hill: to those who have visited these delightful places, many agreeable associations arise on viewing those elevated buildings, the park, and grounds about Powderham having for many years been accessible to the public, who have frequently taken advantage of the liberty, and parties would frequently wander delighted over the extensive park and plantations belonging to this domain, and through gardens replete with a vast number and variety of botanical rarities. The mountainous ridge of which Pen-Hill is a part, and which is at present the boundary line of the prospect before me, is called Haldon; it extends to the length of nearly seven miles; the view from it I have not seen for many years, but we Devonshire people, even travelled ones, do not think the world can produce its equal. The river Exe is seen in its whole course from Exeter to the sea. I am on the other side of the river, and almost close to it, consequently I look up to Haldon instead of looking down from it. Between the river and the ridge of the hill, are, first, the meadows as green as your Common in the spring, separated from fields newly ploughed and of a rich reddish brown, by rows of fine trees, in some places; and in others, by rows of hedges, in which grow every variety of wild flowers and shrubs, to content the botanical wanderer. The greatest possible diversity exists in the shape of the fields. I can see no two alike, so that they present the appearance of an immense Chinese puzzle, in the outline, the pieces of which are tinted with every hue and shade which dame nature portrays. Just opposite, I can trace the path fields through which I have often rambled before the morning dew was off the grass, and in the evening shade. On the left, can be traced the Alphington road, by the numerous cottages and villas which skirt its sides; *there* is a handsome house, newly built; a mile farther on, is one that looks just as it did in times gone by; others there are, singular for the picturesque beauty of the situation in which they stand. Farms and cottages,—the village dwellings of the laborer,—the substantial house of the country gentleman,—the comfortable dwelling of the retired tradesman,—are all exhibited in one birds' eye view before me, and although in three months we have not had one week of fine weather, yet has no day passed when a gleam of light and sunshine has not broken through the mist, so that we could say, 'it is beautiful,' and equally lovely is the scene on the other side of the city, with the addition of a distant peep at the sea.

The city of Exeter, as seen from any of the neighboring hills, is fine; the noble Cathedral forming its most interesting feature. I shall spare you a lengthened description of this, having said that Gloucester Cathedral would answer for the account of others. I must not omit to tell you that this fabric is said to have taken five hundred years in building; it is of pure *English* architecture, that is, a style which originated, or attained perfection in *this* country; it is sometimes called *Gothic*, which the society of antiquaries agree to disclaim and use *English* instead, as *Gothic* was used by the Italian writers as expressive of their contempt for that style of building which prevailed in the middle ages, and which was incompatible with the rules of Palladio and the systematic five orders. It is a noble memorial of religious zeal and national science, is singularly interesting, and not a day passes but you may see numerous silent admirers, pacing the aisles with slow and solemn tread, listening to the fine toned organ, and rapt in admiration of its storied windows, richly decorated, its clustered columns, spacious aisles, sepulchral tablets, and numerous statues, with its various other appropriate adornings. It is a curious fact that in 1299, the sum of one hundred and seventy pounds was laid out in repairs, a large sum, when you consider that a master carpenter received then but three pence a day; journeymen, two pence; and the servants and boys, one penny: how will this compare with the pay given to carpenters of the present day in Boston or New York? S. M.

For the Register and Observer.

CHARLES ELLWOOD, or an Infidel converted. By O. A. Brownson. Boston, 1840. pp. xii, and 262. 16mo.

This remarkable book has for some weeks been lying before us, and has interested us not a little, in the perusals we have made of it. It probably contains a sort of subjective autobiography of the author himself; somewhat idealized of course, as such things always are in print. The substance of the History is briefly this. Mr Ellwood, the son of a pious mother, becoming dissatisfied with the form of Religion which once warmed his own heart, renounces it, becomes an infidel, and is, of course, excluded from the common courtesies of civilized life, and almost from the pale of humanity. Pious people beheld him with horror and perhaps used his name to frighten the children into submission, and quiet. He meets with various clergymen who present him the common arguments for the truth of Christianity, drawn from *Miracles*, the authority of the *Bible*, and from *Nature*, which, with the un-humane treatment he receives, drives him still farther from the truth. He sees the inadequacy of these arguments, yet feels excruciatingly the necessity of a Divine Supporter. An ascetic preacher induces the lady of his heart to exile him from her affections because he is an unbeliever; his own mother dies, and leaves him cut off from this world with no hope of another. He becomes a reformer, or rather a *revolutionizer*, for his ungrateful work was to pull down and not reform. At length he falls in with Mr Howard, a gentleman and a Christian; not a Christian of the sects, but a Christian of Christ, whose Religion was Love to Man and God; Love displayed in his whole life. Mr Howard was of course a Philanthropist and a Reformer. His words and his life present Christianity in so amiable a light to Mr Ellwood, that he is inclined to accept it. He remains sometime in this family, when for the first time in his life, 'he could see religion without bigotry, zeal without fanaticism, warmth of piety without superstition.' Who could fail to love it? He becomes acquainted with Mr Morton, a minister, whose powerful mind, and warm, pious heart completes the work already begun, and the joyful light of Christian peace enlightens the world once more for him.

Such is the History. The arguments we shall not attempt to abridge. Suffice it to say, the deepest things that relate to man, and the human interests, are treated of with great clearness and force, and in a spirit new to most readers. His demonstrations are more subtle and profound than such as commonly arrest the attention of the reading mass. But this could not be otherwise, and is no small merit. He has rendered profound reasoning clear. But his demonstrations of God, we think, would convince no man of God's existence, nor do we think he designs it should do that, but it removes triumphantly the objections of the understanding and allows the heart to enjoy its natural faith in God, undisturbed by logical questions. This we think the chief merit of the metaphysical argument. It gives no man the idea of God, but only defends this idea.

We suppose some will condemn this book, because it contains unusual views of Philosophy, Religion, and Politics: but we doubt that any unprejudiced mind can study it carefully without thanking the author for the work. We give a single extract.

'In looking backupon the long struggle I have had, I must thank God for it. I have been reproached by my Christian brethren; they have tried to make me believe that I was very wicked in being an unbeliever; but I have never reproached myself for having been one, nor have I ever regretted it. I would consent to go through the whole again, rather than not have the spiritual experience I have thus acquired. I have sinned, but never in having doubted; I have much to answer for, but not for having been an unbeliever. I have no apologies to make to the Christian world. I have no forgiveness to ask of it. I have done it no disservice, and it will one day see that I have not been an unprofitable servant.' It has never fairly owned me, but I care not for that. Even to this day it calls me an infidel, but that is nothing. It will one day be astonished at its own blindness; and when freed from the flesh, in that world where I shall not be disturbed by the darkness of this, I shall see it doing even more than justice to my memory. I have not lived in vain, nor in vain have I doubted, inquired, and finally been convinced. When the scales fell from my eyes, and I beheld the true light I followed it; and I have done what was in my power to direct others to it. My task is now well nigh done, and I am ready to give in my last account. I say not this in a spirit of vain-boasting, but in humble confidence. I say it to express my strong faith in God, and in his care for all who attempt to do his will.'

The book requires no commendation of ours, but if we were asked to 'give a notion' of it in a few words, we should say its chief characteristics are Strength, Boldness and Piety.

G. G.

For the Register and Observer.

CHANGE.

Suggested by the death of Nathaniel Ray Thomas, of Duxbury.

Away, for ye are changed!
'T is strange how silently steal on the shades
Of dark decay's swift angel, o'er the fair,
The bright, and lovely blossoms of the earth.
'T is strange, that even while we gaze, there comes
A deepening shadow o'er the beautiful,
Darkening the wreath of fancy's fairy bower,
And waking to a low, wild, plaintive thrill,
The chords of sadness in the soul's deep cells.
The morning finds us treading playfully
Mid fragrant pathways, springing with the blush
Of velvet roses 'neath our buoyant step,
And we forget amid our joyousness,
That but the fanning of an evening gale,
May close them up forever.

Have ye seen
A lily with its snowy petals spread
Over the sunny waters, and beheld
As gaily it hath danced to every breeze,
Unfolding unto perfect beauty, but,
O'erswept by the rude blast, hath yielded up
The brightness of its lustre, and hath sought
A grave, e'en in its native element?
Thus doth a change come o'er the purest brow,
And thus is quenched the dark eye's kindling light,
Amid its brightest flashes.

Yes, 't is strange,
That in a garden of earth's living flowers,
The loveliest are the frailest. It is strange,
That when the eye hath caught the hue serene
Of seraph's sweetness, it should melt away
As doth the summer's sunset.

It was eve;
A lovely winter's eve. That quiet hour,
When star and moonlight shadows on the hills,
Sport with the snow-wreath, and when peace and love,
Shed down their influence in each glistening ray.
'T was such an hour as calls the happy forth,
To blend with kindred spirits, and to drink
From the o'erflowing fount of sympathy.
At the sweet call of lyre and voice, a band
From 'midst the young and joyous hearted ones,
Gathered in social harmony, to add
To the bright chain of friendship one more link,
And with the thrilling music of sweet sounds,
To feast the thirsty spirit.

There 's a voice,
In a low tone of whispering melody,
That touches every fibre of the heart;
And if upon one silent cord, there rest
A secret anguish, it will stir the spring,
E'en to its hidden channel, and awake
A gush of feeling, not to be controlled.
Amid that joyous throng was one, whose eye
Beamed with unwonted lustre. Did that song,
That cheering song of 'Home,' wake in his breast
A faint remembrance of some cherished dream
That long had slumbered? Did it speak to him,
Of some fair isle with sparkling fountains graced,
Where 'neath the shade of the laburnum wild,
Rung the loved voice of kindred?

No, he stood
Amid his heart's best treasures; and where'er
His dark eye rested, it reposed on smiles
Wreathed on affection's lip. Mother and friends
Looked proudly on him, as on one, whose soul
Claimed for his heritage each lofty thought,
And whose rich mind reflected back each pure
And holy feeling, as the glassy lake
Mirrors earth's loveliest blossoms.

Was it hope,
That brought the glistening tear-drop to his eye,
While songs of joy were floating round him?
Or did some dark presentiment of ill
Come o'er him like a restless 'fever dream';
As with a hurried glance o'er future hours
His spirit swept, making his idol'd home
A stranger hearth to him! Ah yes, 't was this
That staid the parting word thou wouldst have breathed,
When for the last, last time thy steps were turned
Back from thy boyhood's haunts.

O who could deem
That even then thy glorious brow was marked
To deck the cold dark grave! Who could have deemed
That the destroying angel's swiftest wing
Was rushing on to seize thee for his prey!
And thou so soon art changed! Thy home was bright,
But not for thee; and friends, the faithful ones,
Who fain had soothed thee, they were far away;
All, all save one*—thanks to his memory!
He threw the cumbrous garb of state aside,
And watched thy flickering life, till its pale star
Was lost beneath the night-shade.

Thou art changed!
But is it darkly? No, for faith's clear eye
Doth follow thee beyond the misty vault,
And from the throne of Heaven there comes a voice,
'Blest are the dead, who trusted in the Lord.'

Waltham. L. B. T.

* Hon. Daniel Webster.

For the Register and Observer.

THE WORKS OF MRS HEMANS, with a Memoir by her sister, and an Essay on her genius, by Mrs Sigourney: in 7 vols. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.

The only perfect edition of the poems of Mrs Hemans is now given to the public in a style which is eminently worthy of her fine genius. The publishers have taken great pains to produce a work which every lover of true poetry will consider indispensable and we think no one will doubt their success after looking critically at these volumes. That they have expended a large amount, and invested a very considerable sum in this undertaking is evident from the manner in which they have achieved this enterprize, and we feel certain the public will applaud their efforts and patronize a work so honorable to American art; let any one examine the whole execution of this edition,—paper, printing, binding, &c., and we are convinced no fault will be laid to them.

The first volume contains the life of the authoress by her sister, Mrs Hughes; an essay on her genius by Mrs Sigourney, our own accomplished poetess, and a monody from the same pen.

Of the first of these performances, criticism in England has placed it beyond contradiction among the most chaste and elegant biographies in the language. 'It is just such a tribute as we have long wished to see offered to one whose muse has cheered the heart and soothed the spirit of many a sorrowing one in every land where the language is spoken and read. The style is easy and graceful and the narrative introduces us at once into all the social feelings and sentiments of the gifted subject of the memoir. In short, it will be universally perused and admired as the only true key to the genius and virtue of Mrs Hemans.

The essay is spirited and truthful, and contains many a beautiful eulogy on her whose strains will never cease to gladden the hearts of her many admirers this side the Atlantic. The monody also, is worthy of the writer, and breathes a sad and mournful dirge to the departed sister poetess.

The contents of these volumes purporting to be the poems of Felicia Hemans, no one at this point of time, will presume to recommend. It would, indeed, be adding perfume to the rose, for surely no minstrel ever won all hearts like her, or received from so many lips such unqualified approbation.

We are rejoiced to see these glorious imaginings gathered under so rich a canopy, and conclude this hasty notice with our sincere thanks to the Philadelphia publishers for the handsome and appropriate manner in which they offer to the public the complete works of Mrs Hemans.

For the Register and Observer.

THE 'CHRISTIAN WATCHMAN' AGAIN.

Mr Editor,—When we sent you our communication of week before last, we had no thought of provoking a controversy through your columns with the Editor of the Watchman; but, after the 'friendly' and 'affectionate' 'admonitions' from his pen in your paper of last week, we feel bound to say something, both to defend and to explain ourselves.

When we penned that communication, we felt, and we still feel, that the remarks of the Editor's, to which we then took exception, did gross injustice to our Unitarian societies; and we commented upon them through your columns, chiefly for the purpose of letting our Unitarian brethren know of what we then thought, and what we still think, a main source of the violent and unfounded prejudices everywhere current against our views of religion. We were pained to hear it said of a body of Christians, with which we are proud to be connected, that they were opposed to those religious influences, which make men honest, temperate, spiritual, humble, and holy—that, as a denomination, they were the principal supporters of the theatre, and the principal advocates of rum-selling. It is the easiest thing in the world to make such unqualified statements, or *charges*, as we called them—a word, to which the Editor particularly objects. He has probably heard, as we have, Unitarians express themselves in disapprobation of revivals of religion, technically so called. Hence, he says, Unitarians oppose, not excitements merely, but those spiritual influences, which make men honest, temperate, spiritual, humble, and holy. He has probably met, as we have, with some Unitarians, who go to the theatre. Hence, he says, Unitarians are the principal supporters of the theatre. He has probably known, as we have, of some Unitarians, who are rum-sellers. Hence, he says, Unitarian societies are full of the advocates of rum-selling. Now, nothing can be easier, than to draw such sweeping inferences; and every body can see that we might do the same in regard to any denomination of Christians in this country—and upon as good evidence, too, we sincerely believe. But a common sense of justice to others forbids it. And we do most earnestly protest against such unqualified statements, affecting the moral and religious character of our Unitarian societies—statements, which not only do glaring injustice, but help to swell the current of popular prejudice against views of religion, which we hold dear.

But the Editor has assumed the attitude of an aggrieved champion of the truth, and complains that we have misrepresented his motives, and charged him with circulating '*calumnies*' and '*malicious attacks*' against Unitarians. We used no such language, nor any thing like it. We said not a word about his motives, directly. We did indeed say, that the remarks of his, to which we took exception, had the inevitable tendency, and, therefore, as it appeared to us, were made with a view, to excite prejudice against Unitarians. We could not help thinking, that what we believed to be gross misrepresentations of the character of our religious societies—*addressed, be it remembered, to Baptists, through a paper very extensively read, we presume, by the members of that denomination, but not taken probably by a dozen Unitarians*—could have been made by the Editor for no other purpose, than to deter his readers from allowing themselves to be infected with the Unitarian heresy. We had so often heard Unitarians called Socinians, infidels, deists in disguise, &c., by men, who knew that Unitarians differed in belief from Socinians and disclaimed the name—who knew that Unitarians were believers in Christianity, as much as the members of any other denomination—we have so often heard these epithets applied to Unitarians, when the design obviously was, to prejudice the public mind against them, that we naturally inferred the Editor's remarks were designed for the same end. We shall rejoice to believe, however, that we have mistaken his motives. Only, be it remembered, it is not an uncommon thing for men to mistake their own motives, or to make an unjust and unkind remark from good motives. God alone looketh on the heart; and to Him we leave the final decision, as to the purity of the Editor's motives.

The Editor says, that his object was 'friendly admonition'—a 'serious and affectionate appeal' to Unitarians. If this was all, we rejoice again to hear it; still we would suggest, whether such admonitions and appeals would not come with more propriety through our own pulpits and presses. Notwithstanding what he says about 'resisting the force of unpleasant truth,' we believe that Unitarians do desire to be admonished of their sins in a serious and affectionate way. But we must confess, that it does not appear to us a very effectual, or a very affectionate way of appealing to Unitarians, for the Editor to tell his Baptist brethren, through a paper widely circulated among them, but hardly ever seen by a Unitarian, that Unitarian assemblies are 'full of the adherents of rum-selling,' &c. Even if his remarks had been likely to meet the eyes of any Unitarians, we would ask, which is the course dictated by the rules of Christian propriety and editorial responsibility—for the Editor of a religious paper to step out of his way for the purpose of lecturing his neighbors of other denominations, or to rebuke the sins of that denomination, of which he is the acknowledged organ?

We repeat, then, that we thought we had reasonable ground of complaint against the Editor both from the unqualified character of his remarks, and from the place, in which they appeared. We think so still. And now we have further grounds of complaint, not merely from the temper of his Reply—not merely because he has spoken contemptuously of Dr Dewey's preaching and published sermons, with which we have nothing to do—but chiefly, because he has boldly charged us with misrepresentation—with 'misquoting his language, and perverting his meaning, in such a manner as to leave on the minds of your readers a false impression.' This we utterly deny; and it will be our main object to prove that these charges are unfounded. We shall endeavor to write in as calm and courteous a tone as possible; but we shall not be deterred from speaking freely, by any assumption of Editorial dignity on the part of 'the Watchman.'

The Editor says, we have 'misquoted his language.' Now we have taken the pains carefully to compare all we quoted from him with his remarks as originally published in the Watchman, and we have found them to be word for word the same, excepting in one case, where *and* is changed for *or*. The change, in the connection, does not affect the sense in the least, and is one, which might easily have happened in the hurry of copying, or in passing through the hands of the printer. It is entirely on this slight mistake, that he charges us with 'misquoting his language.'

But then we have 'perverted his meaning,' he says, 'in such a manner as to leave on the minds of your readers a false impression.' We said, he represented Dr Channing's Discourse, as 'altogether destitute of "pious and profitable thought."' And immediately after, we continued—'If he had only said it was barren of pious thought,' &c. The Editor's words, it seems, were: 'The discourse is distinguished by great beauty and chasteness of language; and barrenness of pious or profitable thought.' The only words quoted as his, as will be seen by looking at the article in the Register of the 7th inst., were the last four, 'pious and profitable thought' with the unintentional substitution of *and* for *or*. As the words 'altogether destitute,' which we used, were not cited as his, he cannot complain here of misquotation. If any one thinks we have done the Editor injustice in this instance, we can only say it was not our intention, and we beg him to remember that our notice of the Editor's criticism on Dr Channing's discourse was but incidental, not the main object of our communication. As the notice was but incidental, we did not think it necessary to quote the whole of his language; and as to the part, which we did not quote, we gave what we conceived to be its essential idea. Now, what is the essential idea? That (leaving out the criticism on its literary merits) the discourse is distinguished only for its barrenness of pious or profitable thought. That is to say, as we understand it, that this alleged barrenness of pious or profitable thought does not belong to parts of the sermon merely, but is throughout its distinguishing characteristic. In putting this idea into as concise a form, as suited our purpose, we said in one instance, that the sermon was represented as 'barren,' and in another, as 'altogether barren,' or 'entirely destitute,' &c. If our expression is thought to be stronger than the Editor's, he is entitled to the benefit of what difference there may be. If we have materially changed his meaning by the use of the qualifying words 'altogether,' and 'entirely,' we regret that we used them, because it has given him occasion to bring against us the general charge of intending to misrepresent his remarks.

But, to leave off this quibbling about words, and come to the merits of the criticism itself, as it stands in the Editor's own words. We had nothing to say about his criticism on the literary beauties of the Discourse, as he seems to imply,—the passing compliment to its chaste and beautiful language, which, when viewed in connection with the saving clause about its barrenness of pious and profitable thought, is the poorest compliment, that could possibly be paid to a sermon. It is commonly understood now, that Dr Channing can, when he pleases, write in a chaste and beautiful style. It was the criticism on the moral and religious characteristics of the discourse, to which we objected; and we repeat, there is good reason to complain of such a criticism on such a discourse; for it is a discourse preeminently distinguished both for pious and for profitable thought, as well as for its serious and solemn tone. Whether the author were a Unitarian or a Baptist, would not affect our estimate, of its character. But, since it has lately been published, as a Tract of the American Unitarian Association, our readers will have an opportunity to judge for themselves of the justice of the Editor's criticism. We alluded, also, to the Editor's inconsistency, in giving his readers an extract from a sermon so barren of pious and profitable thought. Of this he complains. But, to our apprehension, there is a singular inconsistency in all this. Where is his responsibility, as the Editor of a religious paper? Must he not feel himself under a solemn responsibility to consult the spiritual welfare of his readers; and how is this to be done by placing before their eyes an extract from a discourse, which, by his own confession, is neither pious nor profitable? Was it done to please their taste with chaste and beautiful language?

The following sentence comes, we think, with an ill grace, from one, who, the moment before, had accused us of misquoting his language and perverting his meaning. 'The sneer that we said there was no *piety* in the sermon, because it did not go over the whole ground of Orthodox divinity, as every Evangelical Sermon should, we pass by in silent sorrow.' No sneer was intended; nor did we even imply, that he said any such thing. These were our words: 'We should, as a matter of course, have inferred, as we always do in such cases, that, when the Editor said there was no piety in the sermon, he only meant to convey the idea, that it did not go over the whole ground of Orthodox Divinity, &c,'—a plain statement, not of what he said, but of what our inference was in such cases generally, and of what it would have been in regard to his criticism, had he used only the word *pious*. We could not then, and cannot now account for his criticism, except by supposing him to have used this word in some *theologico-technical* sense; and we have occasionally heard it used in some such sense by the Orthodox. For instance; there is a story afloat in this community, that a distinguished Unitarian minister and Doctor of Divinity has lately been converted to Orthodoxy. The story itself we do not credit; but we had it from a lady of the Baptist denomination, who gravely asked us, if we 'knew that Dr L —— had lately become *pious?*' Now, we thought, that he always had been eminently pious; but she evidently understood the word in some such *theologico-technical* sense, as that, in which we supposed it possible for the Editor to have used it.

The Editor continues: 'The writer speaks of charges of ours, "most of which," he says, "have no foundation in fact."' (Our words, again, are not quoted correctly here.) 'It is one thing to assert this, and another to make it appear. Is it true, or is it false, that revivals diminish, rather than increase the numbers in Unitarian societies? We assumed that they do'—to which we reply, it is one thing to as-

sume this, and another to make it appear. We believe that they do not; and we say of this, what we said before of the other unqualified statements of the Editor's, that they are of so vague and general a nature that 'they can neither be proved nor disproved.' If he thinks it can be proved, that revivals do diminish the numbers in Unitarian societies, why, let him prove it. What we want, is the evidence. We can think of but one way of coming at an approximation to the truth; and we would recommend to the Editor, as he appears to feel a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of Unitarians, to try it. It is this. He can send a special agent to all the Unitarian societies in the country, and ascertain pretty nearly how many they have gained, and how many they have lost, during the last twenty years, by the influence of revivals. If he will consent to take this course, (we are serious,) we feel confident that the question will be decided in our favor; for, within that period, a large proportion of Unitarian societies have been gathered, and are now composed chiefly of individuals, who formerly belonged to Orthodox societies and churches. Still if the Editor will send the agent, as we propose—at his own expense, of course, for the *burden* of proof falls on him—and have a table of statistics made out for each of the twenty years, we will agree to abide by the result, without calling in question the accuracy of its details.

But 'do Unitarian ministers,' asks the Editor, 'never preach against revivals? Do they never warn their people against them? Do they never get up any other affair, as a counteraction? Never oppose by imitation, as they fight fire in the west by increasing the fire, or in their language, by a back fire?' What all this means about their 'getting up some other affair as a counteraction,' 'opposing by imitation,' 'fighting fire,' &c., we are wholly at a loss to conjecture; in part, probably, because the language is highly figurative, and in part, because it contains some mysterious allusions, which we do not take. We can only say that, so far as our knowledge and observation extend, Unitarian ministers go on in the quiet, calm, persevering, faithful use and employment of such institutions and means, as they think will promote the religious improvement of their people, without considering whether they are imitating or counteracting other denominations.

That Unitarians have, through the pulpit and through the press, expressed their disapprobation of revivals in the *technical* sense of that term, as understood by the Orthodox, is true; and, for one, we hope they will continue to do so, whenever they feel called upon. That they are, and always have been, earnest advocates of a constant revival of the Christian spirit in their societies—a revival, which 'permanently transforms men, and makes them honest, temperate, spiritual, humble, and holy'—is what no one can doubt, who is acquainted with the character of their preaching.

The Editor proceeds; 'But your correspondent particularly repudiates the thought that they deprecate that revival influence, which permanently transforms men, and makes them honest, temperate, spiritual, humble, and holy.' We did not merely 'repudiate the thought,' we denied the fact. 'Here again he misunderstands us.' Misunderstand him! no such thing. How is it possible to misunderstand language which admits of but one interpretation? These were his very words, as he published, and as we *quoted* them. 'We have often wished that the pastors of Unitarian congregations, who are certainly not deficient in talents, nor learning, nor in those kindly feelings which do honor to humanity, would prayerfully ask, why it is that revivals of religion, (we do not mean excitements merely, but that influence which permanently transforms men, and makes them honest, temperate, spiritual, humble and holy) why it is that such revivals diminish, rather than increase their numbers? Why is it that they are deprecated even more than the hushed stillness of spiritual slumber,' &c.? There it is, *verbatim, literatim, et punctuatim*, (unless the printers make a mistake.) Observe, he goes out of his way, into a long parenthesis, to explain himself, so as not to be misunderstood. He says expressly, that, when he speaks of revivals, he does not mean excitements merely—not merely revivals, in the technical and popular sense of the word, as he would naturally be understood, without explanation—but that influence, which 'permanently transforms men,' &c. And it is this kind of religious influence, which he would have us believe, is deprecated by Unitarian ministers! There is no mistaking the sense of his words here; and we confess, we do not like to be charged, on such grounds, with misunderstanding his language and perverting his meaning.

So far is it from being true, that we misunderstood him, that he goes on, in the very next sentence of his reply, to repeat essentially the same idea. 'We never supposed,' he continues, 'that Unitarians dislike to have men of this description among their numbers, but we have yet to learn that such individuals, (that is, the honest, temperate, spiritual, humble and holy) are most acceptable among them.' That is to say, if there is meaning in the language, the individuals most acceptable among Unitarians are not the honest, but the dishonest; not the temperate, but the intemperate; not the spiritual, but the worldly; not the humble, but the proud; not the holy, but the unholy! And does the Editor really believe all this? If he does, we can only say, we think he has indeed, much to learn yet. The men, that we deem most acceptable to worship God with, Sabbath after Sabbath, the dishonest, the intemperate, the proud!!

The Editor speaks of the distinguishing doctrines of Orthodoxy, to which we referred, the doctrines of Election, the Atonement, total Depravity, &c., as 'despised doctrines.' Despised, indeed! The idea is almost ludicrous. What! Doctrines, held by nine-tenths, at least, of the Christian world, despised doctrines! Why, they are the popular and fashionable doctrines all the world over! In some places, it is almost as much as a man's character is worth, to own himself a Unitarian; he does it at the serious risk of his popularity, his interest, and his good name. In some sections of our country, a man must be ready to make a great sacrifice, before he can profess himself a Unitarian. This is strictly true, as every Unitarian knows, who has travelled in distant parts of our land. It is not so about here, because here Unitarianism is better understood. Yet even here, in our own neighborhood, he, who rejects the so-called despised doctrines, is commonly denied all right to the Christian name and character, classed with infidels, and consigned to everlasting perdition, without ceremony. One would suppose, that such a state of feeling towards Unitarians, almost universal as it is, was enough to convince any man, that it is the Unitarian, not the Orthodox views of religion, which are *despised*, and that nothing but a deep conviction of their truth would lead one to cling to such *despised* doctrines through evil report and good report.

When the Editor comes to the subject of theatres, he speaks of our 'precious specimen of Jesuitism.' This is too bad. We have often been called an *Infidel*, a *Deist*, a *Socinian*, and many other hard names; but never before did we have it implied, that we were a *Jesuit*! We shan't get over it very soon. It smacks of the Inquisition. And all because we said of the general charge against Unitarians, of being the chief patrons of the theatre, that it was no more true of them, than of the members of any other denomination; and then expressed our belief of the *possibility* of a man's being saved, if he did go to the theatre once or twice in his life! And this we said to do an act of justice to the few individuals we have happened to know, eminent for their strict Christian integrity, who did sometimes go to the theatre! The practice itself of theatre-going we did not justify, nor do we.

But speaking of Theatres, the Editor asks, (we quote his exact words)—'who owns the capital stock? who sign the appeals for benefits?' These are general questions: we do not know to what 'theatres' or 'benefits' he intends to allude. If he means to make the inquiry of theatres in general, throughout the land, (and his language goes to that extent,) and to imply by it, that the stock of these theatres, is all owned by Unitarians, nay, by *one Unitarian*, for he uses the singular number '*who owns*,' he must be aware that this implication would be worthy of notice only for its folly and absurdity. If he means to confine the question to 'theatres' in Boston, and we presume he would say this was his intention, we can only answer, we do not know, and we doubt whether the Editor himself has a very exact knowledge. That no Unitarian owns any stock in a theatre in Boston, we cannot say; but we venture confidently to predict that a thorough examination would show, that there are several owning stock, who are not Unitarians. We do not know to what 'appeals for benefits' the Editor intends to confine his question. These things, we believe, are not very common, unless the Editor regards, every little private, anonymous notice, reminding the public of the claims of some particular actor as one of the 'appeals for benefits.' But these are not signed, and therefore can not be the 'appeals' he intends to designate. The only public 'appeals for benefits' signed by any number of persons that we ever remember to have seen or heard of, were two which appeared a few months since in behalf of the widows and children, of two actors, who perished in the Lexington, actors who were returning to their families with considerable sums of money, the proceeds of their services, with which they expected to make their families comfortable through the winter. Of these families, one, we believe, was absolutely in a destitute and suffering condition, and both were in the straits of poverty, as well as the bitterness of bereaved affection. Whether some better and more judicious mode of exciting public sympathy and pecuniary public aid, might not have been adopted, we pretend not to determine. We regretted at the time, that this plan was adopted, and wished some other had been pursued. But, we are not disposed, neither do our circumstances or relations with society, make us competent to sit in judgment upon those who devised it. It was a kind act kindly meant; and it brought a measure of relief, to suffering—and if any one who signed was a Unitarian, we are not disposed to disown him as a brother, or strike his name from our fellowship. But we ask the Editor, if there were none but Unitarians among these signers. He knows very well, and if he does not, we now inform him, that there were many who were not Unitarians, and we ask him if Christian charity teaches him to lay upon the Unitarian denomination alone a burden, that must be shared by several, perhaps by all other denominations. The idea that Unitarians are the chief patrons of theatres, is absurd; and in proof of it, we ask, how it happens, that while, in New York, the head quarters of Episcopacy, and in Philadelphia, the head quarters of Presbyterianism, the Theatres are large, numerous, flourishing, in Boston, a city where Unitarians abound, the principal theatre cannot be supported, and that, instead of going to the theatre, they flock in such multitudes to the Lyceum Halls and Lecture Rooms? And in this connection, we would remind him, that one of the most earnest, serious, and eloquent appeals ever made to this community against the theatre, was made by a Unitarian divine, who was formerly pastor of the church in Brattle Street. For ourselves, we never have seen reason to believe that Unitarians patronize the theatre, any more than the members of any other denomination, but we have alluded to facts, which seem to us to show the contrary. If the Editor thinks they do, as his language implies, then let him prove it, if he can.

We had prepared comments on several other parts of the Editor's reply; but we are obliged to pass them all by, for want of room. One word, however, before concluding, to prevent any misapprehension of the remarks in our former communication.

Speaking in a general way, we suppose, Unitarians are about as good as their neighbors—no better and no worse. That as a denomination, they are particularly prone to the sins of rum-selling, theatre-going, &c., upon which the Editor lays so much stress, we have not yet seen reason to believe. That they have among their number some of the brightest examples of true Christian excellence, commonly to be found in this world of sin, we do believe, for we have known some such ourselves. But do we therefore imply, that they are 'entirely faultless?' God forbid that we should harbor the thought for a moment. We can see lamentable deficiences in them, as well as in the members of other denominations. We can see how far short they all fall of the Gospel standard of duty. We can see that Unitarians have sins peculiar to themselves, of which they need to be admonished, but which the Editor has not alluded to.

In conclusion, we wish to say, we suppose it is commonly understood, that a correspondent of this paper speaks only for himself. We say this, because we know not that any Unitarian living, approves either the spirit or the matter of any thing we have said. This we wish the Editor of the Watchman distinctly to understand; for if we have been guilty of any faults, we should feel exceedingly hurt to see them proclaimed to the world, in his next paper, as the faults of the whole Unitarian denomination.

Yours, respectfully, T. W.

Cambridge, April 13.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 18, 1840.

PILGRIMAGE TO JERUSALEM AND MOUNT SINAI, by Baron Geramb, Monk of the Order of La Trappe. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1840.

We have been much pleased and interested by these volumes. Of the author, Baron Geramb, we know nothing but what we find interwoven of himself in the Story of his Pilgrimage; but we confess ourselves as much interested in the Monk as in his book. In this age of refined spiritualism, when all holy associations are scouted as savoring of superstition, and to make any appeal to the senses in awakening or deepening religious impressions, is regarded as a prostitution of the spiritual to the animal nature, it is refreshing to meet with a simple, pure, and holy man, like this author, 'willing to endure suffering and peril that he may weep over the tomb of Jesus Christ.' His descriptions are clear and graphic. They bring the consecrated scenes of the Savior's ministry distinctly before the eye, and to all those who feel that a visit to the Holy Land would make them better, to all who feel that their faith would receive fresh strength, their zeal a quickening impulse, and their love a deeper fervor, could they look upon the spots hallowed by the Savior's teachings and miracles, his sufferings and his death, we commend Baron Geramb's book, as one that will instruct, while it interests and gratifies them.

We had marked one or two passages, for extracts, but have room only for the following, which describes the present condition of Bethlehem and its inhabitants.

The real wealth of the Bethlehemite, and upon the whole of every Arab of these parts, consists in his wife; she is his treasure, his strength, his support, and, unfortunately, he knows not her value; he makes her his beast of burden. Nowhere have I seen women work so hard as at Bethlehem: nay, I could not have believed that so weak and delicate a creature was capable of such fatigue, had I not witnessed it myself. Within doors she has everything to do.

As the reservoirs and the canals which supply Bethlehem, as well as Jerusalem, with water, are in ruins and dry eleven months in the year, the women are obliged to go a league to fetch what they want for household use, and to bring it back themselves in skins. Add to this, the toil of climbing steep hills under their burden, and then say, my dear friend, if it be possible to suppress a painful feeling, especially when you consider that this task is to be performed three or four times a week.

A few days since, I was taking a walk outside the town with the *cure*. About three-quarters of a mile from it, we met with a young girl returning with her provision. She had set down her skin upon a fragment of rock, and was standing beside it, out of breath, and wiping the perspiration from her face. Curious to know the weight of the skin, I begged her to put it on my shoulders: my request astonished her not a little; she nevertheless complied very cheerfully. It was as much as I could do to take a few steps under the burden. 'Poor thing!' said I as I threw it down, looking at the *cure*, 'how old is she? not more than sixteen, I dare say.'—'Sixteen!' said he; 'she is not thirteen;' and, addressing her in Arabic, he asked: 'How old are you, my girl?'—'Twelve, sir.' I took from my pocket some pieces of money, which I handed to her, and which she accepted with a lively demonstration of joy.

But to go so far for water is not the only task of the poor Bethlemites. The town is destitute of wood, nor is any to be found nearer than some leagues: it is the women who are obliged to provide this also. But what wrings one's heart, and, I must confess, makes my blood boil, is to see these wretched, worn-down, emaciated creatures, having misery stamped on their faces, sinking beneath their loads, passing in sight of their husbands, listlessly seated in the public square, smoking or chatting by way of pastime, while not a thought ever enters the head of any of these heartless husbands to relieve his partner of her burden, and to carry for her, at least from that spot to his home, what she has had to bring whole leagues.

Is this all? No, my friend. At night, with this wood, which has cost such toil, she is obliged to heat the water brought from such a distance; she has to wash the feet of that man, then to cook his supper, then to wait upon him standing—upon him and his eldest son—without taking the least share in the meal, and to wait till they have done, before she can step aside to eat by herself what they have left. . . . The pen drops from my fingers. Is it possible that a sex so worthy of all the cares, of all the attentions, can be thus treated by man? is it possible that she can be thus treated by man, who carries him in her bosom, who brings him forth with pain, who suckles him with her milk, who warms him on her heart, who rocks him upon her knees, who guides his first steps, who strives by education to transfuse into him all that is gentle and kind, who delights to throw a charm over his life, who shares his sorrows, who best knows how to soothe his woes, to comfort him, to nurse him in illness and infirmity, to lighten and sometimes to embellish his old age, and to perform for him, until his last moment, services of which any other courage, any other devotedness, any other love, would be incapable? and that at Bethlehem!

PEBBLES FROM CASTALIA, by Isaac Fitzgerald Shepard. Boston: Whipple and Damrell, 9 Cornhill. 1840.

The title is correct. They are 'Pebbles from Castalia,' but not gems. They have 'bathed in the fountain' long enough to become smooth and polished, but not long enough to be impregnated with a brilliant, sparkling lustre. They are, however, highly creditable to the author, if what we have heard of his history be correct. The volume is made up of Miscellaneous Poems, and one longer, called 'Spells of the Past,' and we are disposed to admit with the author, that the book is 'worth reading.' These poems, though they do not rise far above the earth, do yet rise above it; though there is nothing kindling, invigorating, suggestive, in the thought, there is yet great purity, and a healthy tone of moral sentiment and feeling. We will, however, extract one of the best passages, we think, in the volume, and leave our readers to judge.

The Deity hath fixed upon thy soul
An image of himself—his living seal;
But thou hast suffered passion's flood to roll
Its selfish wave, till scarcely canst thou feel
Upon the altar of thy deathless being glow
One spark of flame that endless life may know.

Go, then, alone,—when, in the hush of night,
On the rapt soul no thoughts of earth intrude:
Commune with spirits from the realms of light,
And in the stillness of the solitude
Some tongueless voice shall bid thee wiser be,
And shape thy purpose for eternity.

The following communication, addressed to the Editor by being mislaid, has escaped our notice till the present time. But as it is of a kind the most interesting, we hesitate not to insert it at this late day.

Scituate, February 10th, 1840.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to add one more to the many recent instances of Christian courtesy and kindness between societies of different name, which are recorded on your pages.

While for several months past my congregation had no place of their own to worship in, we were invited to meet in the Methodist Chapel, where I preached to an audience composed of the members of both societies, every Sunday morning. Our afternoon service was by like invitation held in the Calvinist Church, which was opened for us after the accustomed exercises, at an hour purposely set earlier than was usual, to meet our convenience. Thus have our brethren won a strong and grateful interest in all our hearts, and the cause of pure religion has been promoted by the exercise of friendly offices among those who are of different faith.

Your's, respectfully, E. Q. S.

TRANSCENDENTALISM OF THE GERMANS AND OF COUSIN, and its Influence on Opinion in this Country. Cambridge. Published by John Owen. 1840. 8vo. pp. 100.

What is Transcendentalism? This is a question which of late has been often asked with an earnest and anxious curiosity, and to which the inquirer has not always been able to find a clear and satisfactory answer. The pamphlet before us undertakes to reply to this question, and it seems to us accomplishes the object ably and completely. In the compass of a hundred pages it gives a thorough and minute account of the origin and progress of the New Philosophy in Germany, its migration into France, and its introduction into this country, and presents a distinct view of its influence on religious opinions and moral sentiment and conduct. The publication is timely, and our religious community are under great obligations to the accomplished scholar and theologian through whose instrumentality it makes its appearance among us. In his Introductory Note he says,

'The following very able articles give a correct and strong impression of the character of those speculations to which they relate. They afford much information within a small compass. By fairly exhibiting the extravagances that have of late had their origin in Germany, they are adapted to rouse from their delusion such as have been beguiled by what they do not understand. Those may here become aware of the venom of the serpent, who have only been admiring its bright colors and glittering eyes.'

We anticipate for this pamphlet a wide circulation. We know of nothing that has appeared in our theological world for some time past to be compared with it for ability, spirit, and interest. It is addressed to serious and thinking men, is written with uncommon vivacity and vigor, and is suited to gratify the curiosity and clear up the confused views of many minds. It should be purchased, read, and circulated by every clergyman and intelligent layman.

For the Register and Observer.

THE LATEST DEVELOPEMENT.

Mr Editor,—I understand that a singular performance took place at the new church in East Lexington last Sunday. Mr Ralph Waldo Emerson appeared in the pulpit in the morning to conduct the services of public worship, and the congregation assembled, as usual, to offer their supplications and praises to Almighty God. But the preacher's lips uttered no prayer, and after the reading of a lecture, the congregation retired, having had no worship. This seems to me a new developement. What these things will grow to, we know not. How the congregation regarded this outrage on their religious feelings, we are not informed, nor whether they tolerated the repetition of it in the afternoon. I wish to inquire of some one who knows, whether this is a legitimate consequence of the mystical philosophy, and whether the disciples intend to follow in the footsteps of their master. Our churches certainly have a right to be forewarned on this subject.

AN OLD-FASHIONED WORSHIPPER.

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY OF RELIGION AND LETTERS.

Three numbers of this periodical, edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett, have already been published. From the variety and interest of their contents, it is evident that the prominent purpose of the work, is to do good to all its readers. Each number contains a Sermon, Scriptural articles, poetry, moral and intellectual discussions, notices of books and intelligence. The list of subscribers, though it steadily increases, is yet insufficient to meet the expenses of the work. We believe that it is needed, and that no family could entertain this monthly visiter without deriving from it sound and interesting information on religious subjects. Mr Crosby, the publisher, undertakes the work at his own risk. He deserves well of our friends both for his own excellent character and his interest in our interest. Let us therefore ask for the Monthly Miscellany the patronage of all who would do or receive good.—[*Communicated.*]

INSTALLATION.

Rev. John Parkman, late of Greenfield, will be installed on Wednerday next, the 22d inst., over the First Unitarian Society in Dover, N. H. Sermon, by Rev. E. S. Gannett of this city.

BENEVOLENT FRATERNITY OF CHURCHES.

At a meeting of the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches at the Vestry, Berry Street, on Sunday evening last. The following gentlemen were chosen, to compose the Executive Committee for the present year; Samuel Greele, President; S. K. Lothrop, Secretary; Elijah Cobb, Treasurer; Richard Sullivan, Alexander Young.

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

The General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, would give notice to the Auxiliary Associations, that all sums due to the Parent Association, must be paid to the Treasurer, Henry Rice, Esq., 68 Milk Street, on or before the 20th of May, as his Annual Report will be made out at that time.

Boston, April 15th, 1840.

CHURCHES IN THE WEST.

The General Secretary of the American Unitarian Association acknowledges the receipt of the following sums, to aid in building churches in the West.

From a widow, who feels deeply interested in the spiritual wants of the West, and who regrets that her limited means will not permit of her doing more at this time for so good a cause.	100 00
From 'two females of this city, desirous of doing what is in their power to aid the Unitarian churches in the West.'	5 00
The proceeds of a Fair in Rev. Mr Livermore's Society, Keene, N. H.	60 00

INTELLIGENCE.

Norfolk Co. Bible Society.—The annual meeting of this important society is to take place on the 22d inst. at 2 P. M. in the second Church in Dorchester. It is hoped there will be a general attendance of the friends of the Bible; and that in the meantime contributions will be made and paid in to the Treasurer, Rev. Dr Lamson, of Dedham, by the religious societies through the county.

Distressing Event.—It appears, by a Providence paper, that by the great rain of last Sunday night the Pocasset Brook River, in Johonston, R. I. was so swollen as to carry away the dam of the upper reservoir, and in its course four other dams, and on reaching the Village, swept away two dwelling houses, and four other buildings. There were five families in the dwelling houses.

The flood struck the buildings about 11 feet high, and swept them at once about 60 feet into the channel, and distressing to relate, 18 of the inmates were drowned.

M. Saligny, Minister of France to the new republic of Texas, has arrived at Galveston, and was immediately to proceed to Austin. He was received with every mark of respect. The treaty concluded with France has been approved of by the Texan Senate.

The United States and Texian Boundary.—We understand from an officer of the army who has just arrived from the mouth of the Sabine river, that in consequence of a claim raised by the Texian commissioner, in behalf of his government, to one-half of the waters of the Sabine Lake, and also one-half the stream between the outlet of that lake and the sea, the question was fully discussed by the commissioners on the parts of the two governments, who not being able to agree upon it, have adjourned the commission until this point can be referred to the two governments for their action and decision thereon. The United States military engineers attached to this commission have, we understand, established the geographical position of the mouth of the Sabine river from astronomical observations, as follows, viz: Latitude 29, 41 1-2 north; longitude 94, 01-2 west from Greenwhich. The variations of the magnetic needle 8 41 east.—N. O. Bee.

English papers of March 9th have been received.

In the House of Commons, March 2d, Lord J. Russell stated that he had no objection to lay before the House all the papers that had been received on the subject of the 'North American Boundary;' but observed that the question was scarcely fit yet to be discussed in Parliament.

There is nothing of importance from Algiers. The French forces in Africa numbered near 50,000 men. An expedition against Abd-el-Kader was to be undertaken soon.

The principal intelligence from Constantinople is of the vigorous manner in which the new work of reform is prosecuted. Frequent meetings of the Divan were held with this object—fixed salaries had been assigned to the Magistrates charged with the administration of justice—and many changes had been made in various departments, all to advance the work.

The papers say that the Earl of Durham's health is in such a state as gives serious uneasiness to his friends.

The Queen, it seems, has exerted her prerogative to bestow upon her husband that precedency which the House of Lords had refused to grant him. An order was gazetted on the 6th of March, declaring that Prince Albert, Duke of Saxony, &c. &c. should on all occasions take place, pre-eminence and precedence next to her Majesty.

The long expected communications relative to the affairs of China had been laid before Parliament, forming a bulky volume. Accounts were received in England over land from Bombay to Jan. 31. There were various reports of the intentions of Lord Auckland relative to the war against China. It was stated that 14,000 tons of shipping were engaged for the expedition. All the vessels of war in the eastern seas were to cooperate in the campaign; It is stated that the rock of Saputa, about a hundred miles from the coast of Cochin China, is to be taken possession of as a place of landing for the troops. This is a great distance from Canton, and would seem not a very convenient place for a rendezvous.

Egypt.—London papers of March 18th furnish the following.

Our accounts from Alexandria of the 28th ult. state that Mehemet Ali was indefatigable in organizing his means of defence. The principal points on the coast of both seas had been fortified and well garrisoned; provisions of all descriptions were stored in the arsenals and magazines; 70,000 regular troops in Syria; 24,000 irregulars ordered to advance on Alexandria, leaving 16,000 other irregulars, and the Scheriff with his Arabs, to guard the unoccupied points. In Egypt, 36,000 men on board the squadron, capable of serving on board and on land; 4500 in the arsenal of Alexandria; five regiments of infantry two of cavalry, one of artillery, 4000 able and well disciplined men belonging to the military schools and other establishments; 8000 militia enlisted at Alexandria, 400 at Rosetta and Damietta, 20,000 at Cairo; 70,000 workmen employed in the arsenals of Cairo and the manufactories of the Viceroy; 50,000 Bedouins, and 100,000 if necessary. Such are the forces on which Mehemet Ali calculates for the defence of his dominions.

Canton.—A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce writes thus under date Dec. 3d 1839.

An edict has been issued by the Commissioner and local authorities, prohibiting, forever, the trade of Great Britain with China, and forbidding foreigners of other nations from buying, selling, or exchanging cargoes with the English and their fleet of merchant ships outside.—Endeavors are being made to cut off all communication between us and our English friends outside; and the few Parsees or Mahomedans (five or six in number) who have lingered in Canton through all the troubles, are ordered to be out of the place by or before the 6th current.

NOTICE.

The following notice was published in the last number of the Independent Messenger.

'☞ The publisher and proprietor of the INDEPENDENT MESSENGER would respectfully inform its patrons that he has disposed of his interest in the publication, to the publisher of the CHRISTIAN REGISTER,—consequently, subscribers who have paid in advance will receive the Register till the expiration of the time for which they paid. The Christian Register is a well established publication, already well and favorably known, probably, to a large portion of the readers of the Messenger, many if not most of whom, it is hoped and believed will find it a desirable substitute. Those who are indebted to the Messenger are requested to make payment without delay, to the late publisher, at No. 6 State st. for the papers which have been sent to their names, up to the present date.'

The publisher of the Christian Register, whilst he is far from wishing to press his paper on the late patrons of the Messenger against their wishes, would respectfully express the hope that it may prove acceptable to them, and that they may be willing to receive it as subscribers.

Those to whom it is not acceptable, are particularly requested, as a favor, at once to return a copy to this office.

NOTICE.

The Norfolk County Bible Society will hold its Annual Meeting on Wednesday, April 22d at 2 P. M., in the second Church in Dorchester. The members and friends of the society are invited to attend.

E. BURGESS, *Secretary.*

To the members of the Convention of Congregational Ministers.

The Committee of the Congregational Charitable Society to relieve the families of deceased clergymen, appointed to nominate its beneficiaries, request information from ministers and others on this subject. The age, the amount of property and of income, the number of children dependent on their mother, the sex and age, the ability of the widow to help herself, and the help she receives from others, are subjects on which the Committee require precise information. This information must be communicated to Professor Palfrey of Boston, on, or before Saturday, 16th May next, or to

JOHN PIERCE of Brookline,
Chairman of the Committee.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Wednesday, in the Church on Church Green, by Rev. Mr Young, Rev. George E. Ellis, Pastor of the Harvard Church, in Charlestown, to Miss Elizabeth Bruce Eager, daughter of William Eager, Esq., of Boston.

In this city, by Rev. Mr Young, Mr Henry Edgerly, of Woburn, to Miss Nancy Jones, of Boston.

In Medford, April 14, Mr John Stetson to Miss Eliza A. Wellman, both of M.

In Quincy, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Wm. P Lunt, Mr Samuel Thomas, Jr., to Miss Rebecca D. Mann.

DEATHS.

In this city, 15th inst., very suddenly, Mrs Welthea Howland, 53.

In Hallowell, Me., 3d inst., Miss Hannah Sawyer, 71, daughter of the late Dr Enoch Sawyer, of West Newbury, Mass.

In Taunton, on Tuesday last, Mr Jesse Smith, 63. He was, at the time of his death, and for forty years previous had been, an extensive mail contractor.

In Gloucester, 28th ult., Capt. David Low, 81.

In Plymouth, 29th ult., Bridgham Russell, Esq., Postmaster of that place, 46.

In Springfield, March 29th, Hon. Jonathan Dwight, 67.

COPARTNERSHIP NOTICE.—The subscribers have this day formed a Copartnership, under the firm of WILLIAM CROSBY & CO., and will continue the business of Booksellers, Publishers and Stationers, at the old stand, No. 118 Washington street.

WILLIAM CROSBY,
E. L. CUNNINGHAM.

Reference—
Benjamin Guild Esq,
Messrs. Hilliard, Gray & Co.,
Messrs. Little & Brown,
J. L. Cunningham Esq.,
Boston, February 1st 1840.

WM. CROSBY & CO., Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, No. 118 Washington street, keep constantly for sale, a large assortment of School, Theological Juvenile and Miscellaneous Books, at the lowest prices. Also, Stationary of all kinds, Drawing Materials, and all the articles usually found at such an establishment.

Connected with the above is the Boston Circulating Library, containing more than two thousand volumes of the most popular works in History, Biography, Voyages, Travels, Novels, Tales and Romances, &c. &c. &c. Additions are constantly made of all new and popular publications. The principal Reviews and Magazines also added as soon as published. ap 12

DOUBLE AND SINGLE BASS VIOLS.—For sale a first rate Double and Single Bass Viol. As the owner has no further use for them, they will be sold low. Apply to CHARLES HENDERSON, No. 75 Union Street. april 18

CHEAP LETTER PAPER.—A good assortment of Letter paper at various prices, from $2 to $10 per Ream, for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118, Washington street. april 11

RETZSCH'S OUTLINES to Buerger's Ballads—Lenora, the Song of the Brave Man, and the Parson's Daughter, of Tau-derhayn. Fifteen plates. Genuine original edition. This day received at TICKNOR'S.

NORTHFIELD ACADEMY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE.

THE summer term of this institution will commence on Tuesday June 2. A lady of the highest accomplishments will take charge of the female department. Instruction will be given in the Latin, Greek, French, Italian and German languages, the higher branches of Mathematics, Natural, Intellectual, and Moral Philosophy, Chemistry, &c. besides the common branches of an English education. Also lessons will be given on the *Piano*. Northfield is a delightful summer residence in the beautiful valley of the Connecticut. The Boston stage through Lancaster, Templeton &c. comes directly to Northfield on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week. Those who wish for board in the family of the Principal are desired to make early application.

Refer to Wm. Whiting Esq. No. 35 Court st. Boston.
P. ALLEN, *Principal.*
Northfield April 1840.

MC CULLOCH'S DICTIONARY OF COMMERCE.—A Dictionary, practical, theoretical and historical, of commerce and commercial navigation: illustrated, with maps and plans. A new edition, corrected and improved, with an enlarged supplement, containing many new articles, and bringing down the information contained in the work to January, 1839. Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S. April 11.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION, a Sermon, preached in Hollis street church, Fast Day morning, April 2d, 1840, by John Pierpont—published at the request of the hearers. For sale at TICKNOR'S,
a 10 Corner of Washington and School streets.

MRS. HEMANS.—The Works of Mrs. Hemans, with a Memoir by her sister, and an essay on her genius, by Mrs. Sigourney, in 7 vols. elegantly printed and bound in neat cloth.—Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S.

TRANSCENDENTALISM of the Germans and of Cousin, and its influence on opinion in this country, 100 pages, 8vo, just published, for sale TICKNOR'S.
a18

PALFREY'S LECTURES, Vol. 2d.—Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities, by John Gorham Palfrey, D. D. L. L. D. vol 2d, containing Genesis and Prophets, just published.
For sale at TICKNOR'S. a 18

MRS HEMANS' COMPLETE WORKS, New edition.—The Works of Mrs Hemans, with a Memoir of her sister, and an essay on her Genius, by Mrs Sigourney, 7 vols. 12mo, Portrait. Just received by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. ap 18

TRANSCENDENTALISM.—Two Articles from the Princeton Review concerning the Transcendental Philosophy of the Germans and of Cousin, and its influence on opinion in this Country, just published and for sale by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. ap 18

UNITED STATES OFFICIAL REGISTER.—Register of all Officers and Agents, Civil, Military and Naval in the service of the United States, on 20th Sept. 1839, with the names, force and condition of all ships and vessels belonging to the United States and when and where built, together with the names and compensation of all printers employed by Congress, prepared at the department of state in pursuance of resolutions of Congress 8vo, just received by J. MUNROE & CO 134 Washington street. ap 18

PALFREY'S LECTURES, 3 vols.—Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities by John Gorham Palfrey D. D. L. L. D. Vol 2, containing Genesis and Prophets, just published by J. MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington street. ap 18

NEW CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN.—The Child's First Catechism in verse designed for Sun-Schools, just published, for sale by J. MUNROE & CO 134 Washington street. ap 18

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—The Theory of Horticulture: or an attempt to explain the principal operations of gardening upon physiological principles, by John Lindley, Ph. D., 8vo.

The Faust of Goethe; translated into English Rhyme by the Hon. Robert Talbot, second edition, revised and much corrected, with the German Text on alternate pages, and additional notes, 8vo—Plato's Divine Dialogues together with the Apology of Socrates, 1 vol. The Poetical Works of the Rev. H. H. Milman, 3 vols. &c. &c. just received and for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN. Importers of Foreign Books, 112 Washington street. ap 18

TRANSCENDENTALISM OF THE GERMANS, &c.—Two articles from the Princeton Review, concerning the transcendental philosophy of the Germans and Cousin, and its influence on opinion in this country. This day published and for sale by
C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN,
a 18 112, Washington street.

NEW BOOKS.—Mrs Hemans' Poems, a new and beautiful Edition with a Memoir by her sister, and an essay on her genius by Mrs Sigourney.

Sidereal Heavens, and other subjects connected with Astronomy, by Thomas Dick.

Natural History of Birds, being No. 98 of the Family Library.—Redgauntlet.—No. 33 and 34 of Parker's cheap edition of Waverley.—The Monthly Chronicle, Illustrated with maps and engravings. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS at the Tremont Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. ap 18

CHEAP LETTER PAPER.—Ruled and unruled, for $2,50 a Ream. Billet paper for $1 the Ream. Received by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. april 11

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.—By Wm H. Furness, Pastor of the First Congregational Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE, 22 Court street. m 14

DEWEY ON UNITARIANISM.—Discourses and Discussions in Explanation and Defence of Unitarianism. By Orville Dewey pastor of the church of the Messiah in New York. This book is designed to answer the question '*What is Unitarianism.*'
Published By JOSEPH DOWE. 22 Court st. m. 21.

DENTIST.—GEORGE H. GAY, Surgeon Dentist, No. 252 Washington Street. m 28

POETRY.

For the Register and Observer.

'Life is truly a burden to me, borne down as I am with afflictions unknown to those who daily have intercourse with me, and because unknown scorned by those who are in truth my inferiors. Yes, life is a weary tale, that must end.'—*Traveller in a foreign land.*

Life is a burden—and to whom?
To youth, or ripened age?
To man, to woman, or to both?
To sinner, saint or sage?
Are we, the images of God,
A toilsome life to lead,
To fret beneath the chains of life,
With burdened breasts to bleed?

Must youth lay by its gladsome day?
Must clouds o'ercast its sky,
And sink 'neath sorrow and despair?
Then, then 'twere best to die.
But if there is one hope to cheer,
If God can mercies give—
And who will doubt his power, or will,
Then, then 't is best to live.

Is life a burden? Not to age,
For age can look on high,
Place hope upon a speedy end,
And immortality.
And what is hope? a burden? say
Ye who think life so drear;
It is the future and its joys,
The present brought to cheer.

Not unto man is life so cold,
As needs an hour's despair;
For he may hope a better world,
And God to shield him there;
Nor unto woman, for her soul
Is formed to love, and bless,
To comfort, to relieve, to share
Another's happiness.

* * * *

To him, who never knew of hope,
Who to himself untrue,
Has launched upon life's stormy sea,
Uncertain what to do;
To him, who knows no future bliss,
No future ease can see,
Whose joy is in another's grief,
Life might a burden be.

* * * * C. E. B.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY PROFESSOR FRISBIE.

I 'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
Inspires my waking schemes,
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravish'd sight,
In sweet aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Nor yet the lily with them blend,
To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save wen a rising smile doth play,
The sober thought you see;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
But most of all on me;

A form, though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold,
Unconsciously doth please;
Manners all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but join'd
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I 'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious gloom oppress'd,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I 'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And dirve my griefs away.

In turn, I 'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share;
Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial should supply;
I 'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm,
And, were its fury hurl'd,
My bosom to its bolts I 'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
To praise the Almighty name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upwards to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And, when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.

'THE EARTH IS FULL OF THY GLORY.'

Midnight is keeping vigils profound—
Starlight is sleeping in beauty around;
Hushed are the billows—cloudless the sky—
Soft 'mid the willows the night breezes sigh.

Lo!—breaks the morning, o'er o'ean and isle—
Light is adorning the earth with her smile!—
Dew-drops are gleaming on beds of perfume,
Sunshine is streaming o'er Eden their bloom.

From valley and mountain what melodies rise!
Woodland and fountain send shouts to the skies!
Ether is ringing with notes of delight,
Sweet tones are singing the exit of night.

God of creation, whose matchless control
Gives planets their station—and systems their roll—
Night speaks thy glory;—day after day
Re-echoes the story, as years pass away.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy—but they roll not below;
There is rest—but it dwells in the presence of God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PART OF GEN. DEARBORN'S SPEECH at the 7th Agricultural Meeting, Feb. 28, 1840, as Reported in the N. E. Farmer.

It is a common remark that agriculture has not advanced with a rapidity equal to that with which the other arts had gone forward. Under the circumstances of the case, it was not to him so much matter of surprise that agriculture had not gone farther, as that it had gone so far.

New England was settled under peculiar circumstances. The departure of the pilgrims from England differed from the Exodus of the Israelites, in that when the latter left Egypt they went into a country highly cultivated, after their journeyings in the wilderness were over, and in a climate highly favorable to comfort and industry; but the pilgrim fathers came into a country wholly barbarous and untilled; into a climate perilous and severe; and to a scene of extraordinary and accumulated hardships, and where the great struggle to be had was a struggle for existence.

The colonies sent out by the Greeks and Romans, went out for purposes of conquest. In most cases they went among a people already advanced in the improvements and arts of life, and the transition was little more than a change of place and property. The Romans penetrated into Germany, Gaul, and Britain merely for purposes of conquest, and left colonies only in Gaul. Their colonies were an oppressed and conquered people; but they were the inhabitants of country already cultivated and improved.

The settlement of New England is an anomaly in the history of civilization. The pilgrim fathers entered into a wilderness not preceded by an army to open their way; nor protected in their settlement by a military force; but where all were called upon to rely upon their personal virtues and energies—their muscular strength, their industry, their economy, trust in a divine Providence. This was their protection and this their capital.

The whole country was to be conquered by labor. There were no bright spots of cultivation and improvement to cheer the prospect. They had no wealth to invest in improvements. Each man had to struggle hard for a subsistence from day to day for himself and his children. They must do this or perish. They did indeed by the blessing of God surmount these great obstacles; but that under such circumstances agriculture should not have advanced in the arts of improved life, is not matter of just surprise. The art of agriculture, though first in importance, seems to have been the last to reach a high degree of improvement in any country.

In the beginning and in the first steps in the progress of society, men from barbarism passed into the nomadian state, and became herdsmen and shepherds. This was the condition of the patriarchs. It is still the condition of the Arabs. Tartary, from the Euxine sea to the walls of China, is still in the same condition. The traveller Clark, says the Calmuc Tartars as they were in the days of Herodotus, still live in tents, tending their flocks and herds, and do not till the earth. The ancient Greeks and Romans were absorbed in commerce, in the mechanic arts, in the arts of ornament, in literature, poetry, and eloquence. These had made great advances before agriculture was justly appreciated. Rome was devoted to military conquest and glory, and had become the 'mistress of the world,' before any due honoas were paid to the noble art of agriculture. There were indeed distinguished men, who as is common to distinguished minds, had a just taste for rural occupations, scenes and pleasures. Cicero and Lucullus, Tacitus and Seneca had their charming villas, to which they were delighted to retire from the noise and bustle of the capital.

The philosopher Seneca, at his country seat of Nomentanum, and in the midst of his groves, received the sentence of death. His life presents an example which will continue to guide and stimulate men to virtue, when the memory of the infamous tyrant who ordered his death, will perish in oblivion or be remembered only to be execrated.—Tacitus wrote his history in the country: and there he composed the biography of his father-in-law, Agricola.

Agriculture at length rose in the estimation of the distinguished Romans. The Senate patronised the rural arts. Cincinnatus was taken from the plough. Cato wrote a book upon agriculture. The Georgics of Virgil and the writings of Columella are rich in the science of husbandry and rural cultivation. The Carthagenians wrote several works on agriculture. But it had not even then attained to its just rank.

In France and Italy other arts preceded this great art, and it remained far in the rear. Until the reign of Elizabeth, agriculture had been greatly neglected in England. The vegetable products of the soil were very few; and their tables were most scantily supplied. They were before her time dependent upon other countries for bread. Yet England was better cultivated than any country upon the globe, excepting some parts of China.

But England has made rapid and extraordiry advances in this useful and beautiful art, and now, in her cultivation, presents an example of all that is exact and careful in cultivation, useful in productions, and charming and tasteful in embellishments. We are the descendants of England; yet in some things we have at least in these matters reversed the order of sentiment which prevails with them.

In England, the pleasures and privileges and blessings of the country seem properly understood and valued. No man there considers himself a freeman unless he has a right in the soil. Merchants, bankers, citizens, and men of every description, whose condition in life allows them to aspire after any thing better, are looking forward always to retirement in the country, to the possession of a garden or a farm; and to the delicious enjoyment of rural pleasures. The taste of the nobility of England is all this way. There are none of them, who with all the means of luxury which the most enormous wealth can afford, ever think of spending the year in London, or of remaining in the confinement, noise and confusion of the city, a day longer than they are compelled to do by public duty or imperious necessity.

There is, in this respect, a marked difference between England and France. Formerly, in France, the nobility were scattered broadcast over the territory, and had their villas, their castles and chateaux in all the provinces. But the monarchs, anxious to increase the splendor of their courts and to concentrate around them all that was improved and beautiful in fashion, luxury and wealth, collected the aristocracy in cities. The natural consequence was that the country was badly tilled, and an improved agriculture made no advance.

Spain was formerly the granary of Europe. The great means of enriching land, irrigation, was practiced there to a great extent; and manuscripts of great antiquity now to be found in the libraries of their princes, show that the knowledge as well as the practice of the art, had made great progress. The discovery of silver and gold mines in the south, the curse of an ignorant priesthood, and a despotic and rapacious government, had proved fatal in Spain to the prosperity of agriculture.

Happy would it be for us if our men of wealth and intelligence would copy the bright example of the gentlemen of England. If our men of wealth after having accumulated immense fortunes in cities, would carry their wealth and science into the country, and seek to reclaim, to improve, to render it productive, and to embellish it, Massachusetts might be transformed into a garden, and rival the best cultivated districts in the world.

It is an inexplicable fact, that even men who have grown rich by trade or other means in the country, should rush into the city to spend their wealth. It is as inexplicable that men who grow rich in the city, should shudder at the idea of going into the country, where wealth might be safely and securely appropriated to purposes of the highest utility, pleasure and taste.

There prevails in this matter a great deal of false sentiment and of ignorant and unworthy prejudice. These men anxiously inquire if they go into the country, how they shall pass their time; and what is to relieve the solitariness and tedium of their evenings? To the active and intelligent farmer living in the country, and actively engaged in rural labors and improvements, during the season of vegetation no day is long enough for domestic pleasures, and intellectual cultivation and the pursuits of science.

If the rich were not swallowed up in avarice and that narrowness and selfishness which the pursuit of money too often creates and too strongly matures, they would find a liberal and delicious satisfaction in cultivating and embellishing a farm, in multiplying the productions of the soil, in introducing the fruits of warm climates and in protecting and neutralizing them here, and encouraging useful labor and promoting by the liberal reward of industry, the comfort of many around them.

Every one knows that the retirement and quiet of the country are favorable to the cultivation of science. Astronomy is best studied in the country, and in the clear sky and open horizon, men become familiar with the aspects of the stars as with the faces of valued friends. They see in the heavens, in the influence of the natural agents above and around them, in all the progress and stages of vegetation, and in the multiplied forms of animal and vegetable life, continued and instructive proofs of the universal and unwearied agency of the great Husbandman. Geology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany, and all the natural sciences are pursued with peculiar advantage in the country.

An important branch of natural philosophy, the science of hydraulics, may be pursued to great advantage, and bears directly and most essentially upon agricultural improvement. Irrigation is one of the most important means of enriching land and rendering it productive. Damascus was celebrated for its fields and gardens as well as for its commerce. The fertility of Damascus was created by artificial irrigation. A traveller found a stream from the mountains which, by artificial canals, was spread over the land. Wherever this water came, vegetation exhibited its luxurirnce. So distinctly marked were the limits of improvement, that you could stand with one foot on a highly cultivated and productive territory, while the other rested upon a barren sand. All these extraordinary improvements came from irrigation. It was so with all the countries bordering on the Euphrates. It was so in Egypt, excepting the Delta, which was enriched by the overflowing of the Nile.

As population multiplied in Egypt, it became necessary by artificial irrigation, to increase its productiveness. The canal of Joseph has been the subject of ancient tradition, and is supposed to have been made for purposes of irrigation when he was governor of Egypt. The waters were drawn off in the higher parts of Egypt and were used for the enriching of the land. This it was that made Egypt the granary of the world.

In Spain the agriculture is miserable. Yet the canal of Zaragosa, which was dug to open a communication between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediteranean, was designed likewise for the irrigation of the country. The experiment here was so successful that a canal sixty miles in length has watered a surface of thousands and thousands of acres, which have thus been rendered productive in wheat. The revenue paid by the farmers to the government for the use of this water, is equal to 25,000 dollars per year. In many places fountains are erected and reservoirs opened, by which the water is spread by various channels over a large territory.

Such operations as these, when pursued even on a small scale, must prove a source of rich gratification to a cultivated mind. The country is friendly to the cultivation of all the beautiful and the useful arts, for here all find their place and use. In the erection of his buildings, some skill in architecture in respect to their strength, their comfort, their endurance, and their convenience is necessary, and the humblest erection on a farm may be made a pleasing object, when framed and fashioned by a cultivated taste. For all the mechanical arts, both the science and the practice, there is on the farm an almost daily use and demand.

The country is favorable to the cultivation of literature and general science. Persons not familiar with the subject are not aware how large and interesting a library might be formed of books exclusively devoted to agriculture and its twin sister, horticulture. These sciences are adorned likewise with the brightest names which shine in the annals of knowledge—those of Bacon and Duhamel. The former sought to interest his countrymen in rural labors and pleasures. The latter, a man of kindred mind, has given to the world the best work on trees and other subjects of agricultural improvement, which is extant.

There is a constant demand in the country for mechanical skill, and the exercise of the most cultivated taste in the laying out and embellishment of grounds, in the forming of roads, in the planting of trees, in the conducting of water, and in the countless circumstances of ornament or utility, which to a mind bent upon useful occupation, constanly present themselves.

Ornithology is a study which can only find its true home in the country. Who would not wish to become acquainted with the birds that cluster around his habitation, and make their home in his groves and gardens, and welcome him with their cheerful notes and charm him with their melodious morning and evening hymns of praise? Who would not wish to live among them as friends; and to understano their habits and gather instruction from their beautiful examples of domestic affection and duty? Natural history in all its branches is a proper study for the country. Not an insect visits the territory of the farmer but he should learn his character and habits. Some are his enemies. Some of these, the bee and the silkworm, are eminently his friends and benefactors.

The silk-worm by his industry furnishes a large portion of the clothing of mankind. Take the civilized population of our whole country, and there is scarcely a man, woman or a child whose dress has not received some contribution from the labors of this humble operative.

Gen. Dearborn continued by saying that he had barely alluded to these subjects for the sake of showing that there is every thing in the country to call into healthful exercise the physical and the intellectual powers of man; a bounteous table is there spread; and there is rich and abundant food for the body and the mind.

The city must, of course, be regarded as the proper seat of active business and commercial life. But when a large portion of life has been spent in these harrassing pursuits, and men have accumulated the means of competence and independence for the country, why they should not seek to enjoy its refreshing labors, its delightful recreations, and to avail themselves of its privileged hours of retirement and reflection, was to him a mystery which he attempted in vain to solve.

For himself he could say, with the exception of three years spent in Washington, which then indeed could hardly be called a city, excepting as one traveller denominated it, a city of magnificent distances, his home had always been in the country. There he had found his most agreeable labors and his richest pleasures, and the progress of time had served only to strengthen and rivet his attachments to rural life and scenes. He had sometimes been compelled to visit cities in which he was a stranger, and there he had often felt a desolation of heart like that of Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage.

The return even to a forest, which was the scene of his childhood sports and visits, was like the meeting again of old friends:—in the trees, which he remembers having often seen, and in the birds, which seemed in their cheerful notes and quiet approach to bid him welcome. In visiting a city, he has often felt like the noble-hearted Jennie Deans, who when she went up to London to obtain the pardon of the Queen for her misguided sister, passed the night with her cousin who kept a small shop and was a dealer in Scotch snuff. The simple girl wondered that for such a residence and occupation her cousin was contented to leave 'the bonnie green braes of her own land.'

It was not merely the unfavorable influence of city life, as he so considered it, upon health comfort and enjoyment; but he had often deplored its pernicious moral influences. Many an uncorrupted young man from the country, impelled by the insatiable and too often reckless passion for gain, has there early found the grave of his virtue. But too many instances might be pointed out in which the acquisition of property has proved as great a curse as could befal them. The chances of trade are likewise much more numerous and uncertain than men believe or are willing to allow. After a pretty extensive acquaintance with business men, and no limited observation of the common course of things, he was satisfied that among one hundred merchants and tradesmen, not more than three in the city ever acquire independence. It was with great distrust that he came to this conclusion, but upon consultation with an experienced merchant, he fully admitted its truth. The dangers to virtue in a city are very great as is well known; and infinitely better would it be for a vast portion of the young men who crowd from the country into the city, if they could be satisfied with a farmer's life. How preferable would it have been for many of those who have sought wealth and distinction in cities, if they had been satisfied with the comforts, innocent amusements and soothing quietude of the country; and instead of the sad tale of their disasters, which must go back to the parental fireside, the future rural bard as he passed the sequestered and humble church-yard, in which they had been laid at rest, with their laborious ancestors, might say—

'Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.'

Infinitely better would it be for them to pass their lives in the deepest obscurity of the country, than to risk, as is too often done, all their peace and honor in the perils and adventures of a city life.

He was aware that these things were in many respects purely matters of taste. He knew well that a country residence could not be alike pleasant to all; but for himself he could say with truth that the humblest cottage in the country would be better than the most magnificent residence in the city. It was a source of consolation to minds inspired with rural taste and attachments, that they should at last find a peaceful grave in some sequestered vale, under the shade of trees planted by their onn hands.

He congratulated the farmers of Massachusetts upon the impulse which was given to agricultural inquiry and improvement throughout the State and the whole country. The encouragement given to horticultural science and improvement was a like subject of congratulation. These subjects were now collecting and concentrating the intelligence and taste of the brightest and most improved minds, and this could not fail to give them a generous and lasting impulse.

The great name, the honor and boast of our country and mankind, adorns the pages of agricultural history. Washington was distinguished for his agricultural taste, for the interest which he took in the cultivation of his farm; and for the eminent improvements of which he was instrumental. He referred particularly to his having taken the lead in the importation of several of the most valuable breeds of cattle, sheep and swine for the improvement of the live stock of the country, one of the most important and valuable objects to which the attention of the farmers could be directed. He never forgot his farm even in the midst of his public engagements and services; and his journals, which are published, show in the very midst of his public cares, the most exact and particular arrangements and directions given to his manager for the conduct of his farm and the improvement of his grounds. This his correspondence with the most eminent agriculturalists of Europe shows in a like manner.

This generous impulse has gone forth. Archimedes said in his enthusiasm, if you would give him a place on which to stand, he would move the world. We have found a place in a free country, where the mind is free and the body is free to effect any improvement within the capacity of man, and by which the human race may be benefited. A voice was heard among the mountains of Germany which, in proclaiming liberty every where within hearing, aroused the minds of men to powerful action. In this new world, a voice went forth in the thundering cannon of Bunker Hill, which announced freedom and independence to the country. This great revolution opened a wide field for enterprise; awakened into extraordinary activity the powers of the mind; gave birth as it were, to industry; kindled every where the fires of science; and stretches out before the ambition of patriotic and intelligent minds, an interminable course of improvement. Much has already been done for the great cause of education and the improvement and elevation of the laboring classes, the great sources of wealth and the true foundation of independence to a country. The mysteries of science, under our free institutions, are unlocked to them; and mechanics are found, not blind machines, like those which come out of their own workshops, but capable of teaching, even from the chain of philosophy, the profound principles of their own art; that what was once merely an art is now elevated to a science.

A new and most powerful agent has been enlisted in the service of man, and promises the most extraordinary benefits to art and science. Our sailors, aided by this mighty power, traverse the ocean as if Neptune himself stood at the helm. The chariots of fire course over the land; and lightning and magnetism will, ere long, be yoked to the triumphal car of genius. So rapid is the progress of intelligence, that the anticipations of the most imaginative are likely to be fully realized.

Facts now are the great objects of pursuit. Theories are not likely to be received unless established by facts and experiment. Truth and utility are indissolubly allied. That knowledge is mainly valuable which can be applied directly to purposes of usefulness. The prospect of benefiting our fellow men should give activity and energy to all our powers and labors. In the progress of improvement and the benefits of science, it cannot be doubted that agriculture, the art of arts, allied so closely and inseparably with the most important physical, political, social, and moral interests of mankind, will not and cannot be denied her full share. Improvements here must mainly rest upon facts. Every improvement in agriculture established on facts, cannot fail to be most extensively and permanently beneficial. Let us labor in this great cause with intelligence and zeal, persuaded that no pursuit is more innocent and honest; no engagement to a virtuous and inquisitive mind more engaging and satisfactory; no labor more certainly useful to the community; and none which has or can have a more favorable and beneficent influence upon individual comfort, upon private morals, and upon the general welfare.

NEW FRENCH BOOKS.—Archeologie Navale, par A. Jal, 2 vols 8vo; Voyage Metallingique en Angleterre, ou recuil de memories sur le gisement l'exploitation et le traitement des minerais de fer, etain, plomb, cuivre, zinc, et sur la fabrication de Pacier dans la Grande—Bretange, 2 vols 8vo and Atlas 2 vols 4to; Historic de France, par M. Michelet, 3 vols 8vo; Historie de L'Empereur Napoleon, par L'Ardeche: Dressins par Horace Vernet, 1 vol royal 8vo. Upward's of 20,000 copies of this work have been sold in Paris within the last year. Gil Blas, illustrated by Gigoux—fresh supply; La Fontaine by Grandville, 2 vols; Vie correspondance et manuscrits du General Lafayette, publies par sa Famil'e, 6 vols &c. &c. This day received by
C. C. LITTLE &JAMES BROWN,
Importers of Foreign Books, 112, Washington st.
April 11.

NEW ENGLISH BOOKS.—This day received and for sale by C. C. LITTLE & J. BROWN, Importers of Foreign Books, 112 Washington street.
The History of England from the earliest period to the death of Elizabeth, by Sharon Turner Esq—12 vols
Lodge's Peerage of the British Empire, 8vo
Hobbes' English Works, vol 4
Historical Eloge of James Watt, by M. Arago, with Notes and Appendix
The Poetical Works of Rev. H. H. Milman—3 vols
Man, as a moral and accountable being, by R. Mudie
Man in his relations to society, by do
Croly's Life of Burke—2 vols
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, with Notes by Rev. Thomas Scott, 8vo
Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, 8vo
Professor Smyth's Lectures on Modern History—2 vols
Scott's Marmion—8vo, illustrated
Sonnets of Shakespeare
Feltham's Resolves, Divine, Moral and Political
Lane's Thousand and One Nights—2 vols
Frithiof's Saga, a Legend of the North, by Esaias Tegner—8vo
Hood's Up the Rhine—illustrated
The Shakspearian Dictionary; a General Index to the popular passages in the works of Shakspeare, 1 vol &c &c &c &c a4

THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.—By Sir William Jardine, with numerous colored plates, and portraits of eminent Naturalists, (publishing in vols.)—12mo. One set complete as far as published, this day received and for sale by
CHARLES C. LITTLE & JAMES BROWN.
april 11.

ENGLISH BOOKS.—This day received by the Ontario, from London—
Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences
Annual Register for 1838—vol 80
Letters of Horace Walpole, including numerous letters now first published from the original manuscripts—in 6 vols 8vo—vol 1 received—plates
Sir Thomas More's Life and Times—2d ed. vol 1, 1840
Bloomfield's Greek Testament, 3d ed. enlarged
Christison on Poisons, 3d ed. 8vo
Quain's Anatomy, 8vo illustrated edition
Ritter's Ancient Philosophy, 3 vols 8vo
Aldine editions of Gray, Spencer, Kirke White, Goldsmith, Collins and Thomson
Sartor Resartus, 12mo, author's edition
Works of Beaumont and Fletcher, by Southey—Part 1—Portraits
Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, royal 8vo
Tooke's Diversions of Purley, 8vo
Ruins of ancient Cities, 2 vols 12mo
Sydney Smith's works, 4 vols 8vo
Rhetoric, Poetry and Ethics of Aristotle, by T. Taylor
Creech's Lucretius, 2 vols 8vo
Taylor's Proclus, 2 vols 4to
Ruins of Volney, 8vo calf
De Philosophicæ Platonicæ Novæ Origine—paper
Unitarianism Defended—8vo
The Medical Jurisprudence of Insanity—12mo
White on Heresy—8vo
Woman's Mission—12mo
Letters to Rev. T. Best—12mo
Heresy of Human Priesthood—
Sharpe's Early History of Egypt—4to
do. History of the Ptolemais—4to
do. Vocabulary of Hieroglyphics—4to
Christian Teacher, No. 7, 1840.
For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. ap 11.

UNITED STATES OFFICIAL REGISTER, 1840.—Register of all Officers and Agents, Civil, Military and naval, in the service of the United States, on the 30th Sept. 1839, with the names, force and condition of all ships and vessels belonging to the United States, and when and where built; together with the names and compensation of all printers in any way employed by Congress or any department or officer of Government—8vo. pp. 494.
Just received at TICKNOR'S.

UNITARIAN TRACTS.—No 131. The Thirteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1838.
No. 132. Duty of Promoting Christianity by the circulation of Books. By Henry Ware jr.
No. 133. The Future Life, by William E. Channing.
No. 134. Repentance the Ground of Forgiveness, by Rev. Joseph Hutton, L. L. D, of London.
No. 135. The worship of the Father, a service of Gratitude and Joy. By W. E. Channing.
No. 136. Reason and Revelation. By Rev. A. A. Livermore.
No. 137. Fidelity in Duty, not accuracy in Belief, our test of the Christian Character. By Andrew P. Peabody.
No. 138. The Unitarian Reform. By Rev. J. F. Clarke.
No. 139. Truths joined by God not to be sundered by Man. By Samuel Osgood.
No. 140. On the Atonement. By Edward B. Hall.
No. 141. Unitarianism Vindicated against the Charge of Skeptical tendencies. By James Walker.
No. 142. Remarks on the Sacred Scriptures, and Belief and Unbelief. By Orville Dewey.
No. 143. The Fourteenth Report of the American Unitarian Association, with the Proceedings of the Annual Meeting, May 29, 1839.
No. 144. Mystery, Reason and Faith by E. Peabody.
No. 145. Who was Jesus Christ, by George F. Simmons.
No. 146. Jesus Christ the Chief Corner Stone, by George R. Noyes.
No. 147. How to Spend a day by H. Ware Jr.
No. 148. Life and Character of Aaron Bancroft, D. D. by Alonzo Hill.
The Tracts of the American Unitarian Association bound in twelve vols. can be had of the Publishers, JAMES MUNROE &. CO. 134 Washington street, at the low price 75 cents per vol.

ORTHOPEDIC INFIRMARY,—*for the Treatment of Spinal Distortions, Club-Feet, etc.* At 65 Belknap Street, Boston. Patients from a distance can be accommodated with board in the immediate neighborhood. JOHN B. BROWN, M. D. Surgeon.
We the subscribers approve of Dr J. B. Brown's plan of an Infirmary for the treatment of Spinal Affections, Club-Feet, and other Distortions of the human body, and will aid him by our advice whenever called upon.
John C. Warren, George Hayward, Edw. Reynolds, Jno. Randall, J. Mason Warren, John Jeffries, John Homans, M. S. Perry, W. Channing, George C. Shattuck, Jacob Bigelow, Enoch Hale, W. Strong, George Parkman, D. Humphrey Storer, George W. Otis Jr., Winslow Lewis, Jr., J. H. Lane, Edw. Warren, George B. Doane, John Ware, George Bartlett, John Flint, J. V. C. Smith.
The above Institution has now been in operation over two years. During this time, a large number of Invalids have been admitted, who were suffering under almost every kind of physical deformity, particularly *curvatures of the Spine* and *Club-Feet*, of all variety and degree.
The plan of Treatment in this Infirmary is in conformity with the most enlightened principles, which, in practice, have been found so successful in the modern Orthopedic Institutions of Europe. With what success it has been attended here, may be known by inquiring of any of the regular surgeons or physicians of this city.
Boston, Feb. 22, 1840. 1y

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES IN CAMBRIDGE.
Refer to Sidney Willard, A B. Muzzey, J. T. Buckingham, J. Livermore, R. M. Hodges, Charles Everett, A. Rice, Trustees of the School.
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Any one branch other than Music, $10 a quarter: Expense of Fuel arranged amongst the pupils.
The most approved Teachers in Music, Modern Languages, and other branches, according to the wants of the school, are employed; and competent Young Ladies assist in various branches.
Miss Young, teacher of Music, and two assistant teachers, reside in the family of the Principal.
A new house has just been completed, made expressly for the accommodation of about 20 pupils.
A few vacancies will be made in the family at the end of the present year.
D. MACK, *Principal.*
Cambridge, Aug, 10th, 1838. n24

SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.—The Subscriber would inform his friends, that he is making exertions to collect a large variety of Books for Sunday School Libraries, most of which will be entirely new, and of the very best character.
Those at a distance are invited to send their orders, and all books found to be unsuitable to their wants will be received back. BENJ. H. GREENE 124 Washington street. m. 28.

DRAWING MATERIALS.—Bristol Boards, Drawing Papers, Sewell's and Rhoades and Sons' superior drawing pencils, Crayon Paper, Osborne's Water Colors, Also Gold Paper. For sale by S. G. SIMPKINS at the Tremont Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row.

INK STANDS AND PORTFOLIOS.—A fresh supply of Bronzed Inkstands and Portfollios of various patterns. Just received at the Tremont Stationary Room 21 Tremont Row, by S. G. Simpkins. april 11.

IN PRESS,—An essay on the influence and character of Washington, by M. Guizot: being his introduction to a Translation into French of Spark's Life of Washington, and a selection from his correspondence translated from the French, will be published in a week or ten days by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington street. ap 11

MRS FOLLEN'S POEMS.—Poems, by the author of Married Life, Well Spent Hour, &c. &c.
Published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington street. april 11

THE WELL BRED BOY,—Or New School of Good Manners; Rollo's Correspondence; The Youth's Sketch Book; Visit to the Country; and many other books suitable for children, published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington street. april 11

THE NEW JERUSALEM MAGAZINE, for April, 1840. This day published by OTIS CLAPP, 121, Washington st. *Contents.* The Doctrine of the New Jerusalem concerning Charity. Advertisement to the London Edition. 1. That the first part of charity consists in looking to the Lord, and shunning evils because they are sins, which is effected by repentance. 2. That the second part of charity consists in doing goods, because they are uses. 3. That in the spiritual idea of good and truth are the neighbor to be loved. 4. That an individual man, a society, a country, and the human race, are the objects of charity, and that all are the neighbor, both in a confined and extended sense. 5. That every one loves the neighbor from the good of charity in himself, consequently, that the kind of charity a man has, is determined by the kind of charity he is. 6. That a man is born to become a charity, and cannot become a charity, unless he perpetually does the good of charity from affection and its delight. 7. That every one who looks to the Lord, and shuns evils as sins, if he does the work of his office or employment sincerely, justly and faithfully, becomes a form of charity. 8. That the signs of charity consist of all the things which belong to worship. 9. That the benefactions of charity consist of all the goods which the man who is a charity does of his own accord beyond the sphere of his calling. 10. That the debts of charity comprise all those things, besides the above-mentioned, which a man ought to do. 11. That there are divisions of charity, consisting of the various delights and pleasures of the bodily senses, which are of use for the recreation of the spirits. Intelligence from France, Sweden, and England. april 4

54 HANOVER STREET.—MADISON BEAL, would inform his friends and the public that he has on hand a good assortment of Ladies', Gentlemans, Misses and Childrens Boots and Shoes at wholesale and retail as low as can be found in the city. Country people will do well to call before buying.
Please not to mistake the number, 54 Hanover Street 6 doors North of Portland street. m. 21.

THE MISSES HUNT.
No. 32 Green street, nearly opposite the head of Leveret street, Boston,
GRATEFUL for the extensive patronage they have received, would respectfully give notice to the Ladies, that they still continue to attend to their profession.
Hours for seeing patients from 9 till 5. 1y n9.

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All communications, as well as letters of business, relating to the Christian Register, should be addressed to DAVID REED, Boston.
MINOT PRATT, PRINTER.